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SUDAN SPECIAL

By Mrs. D. S. Oyler, Doleib Hill, Sudan. On Furlough, Sterling, Kansas.

FOREWORD

MRS. D. S. OYLER
Editor for Sudan

In this issue of the Magazine an attempt is made to tell, as plainly as possible some of the slave stories which the writer has heard in her twenty-one years of mission experience in Africa, and particularly those which have been related to her since she has been in the Sudan.

These tales are indeed tragedies, but tragic as they seem, they can not convey to the mind of the reader the full conception of the agonies which have been suffered in days past in "The Land Shadowing With Wings."

These twelve tragedies are:

"Proofs that the Negro's heart retains
Some nobleness amid its chains,—
That kindness to the wronged is never
Without its excellent reward,
Holy to human-kind, and ever
Acceptable to God."

—FromToussaint L'Ouverture, by Whittier.

The writer's message to all who may read these lines is taken from one of Lowell's poems, which bears the title, "On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington."

"Look on who will in apathy, and stifle they who can,
The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man;
Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up with interest or with ease
Consent to hear with quiet pulse of loathsome deeds like these."

Slave Stories

By Mrs. D. S. Oyler, Doleib Hill, Sudan. On Furlough, Sterling, Kansas.

THE TELEPHONE MAN

He was just an ordinary Sudanese workman. He was dressed in Arab fashion, and spoke Arabic as if it were his mother tongue. A chance remark he made when he came to repair the telephone led to the question, "And do you also know Shulla? Can you speak in the language of the people round about you?"

This chance question seemed to open up the flood gates of memory, and he told a tale which is heart-breaking, but is only one of many which can be told by any one of the older generation in the land of the blacks.

Here is his story: "You ask me if I know Shulla? Am I not the son of a Shulla father and mother? But do I know what a father is? Do I know what a mother's love means?

"I was only a little fellow, not more than six years old, when the slave raiders came to our village. We were happy in those days, and we had enough to eat. But suddenly these sons of foreigners descended on us. My father was seized and tied. My mother screamed, but she also was caught, and tied. My baby sister was still nursing, but she was taken from my mother. My only brother did not escape. And then they seized me.

"I was taken from one place to another, and from one camp to another. Sometimes we were given a little food and water, but it was always scarce.

The slave raiders were cruel to us. They often laughed when one of us died by the wayside.

"Then war broke out between the red foreigners (the English) and the slave raiders, and our masters were more cruel than ever to us. After a long time, I do not know how many months it was, we were suddenly freed and were told to find our way back to our villages. I had no money. I had no clothes. I had no food. After many months I found myself in Kodok, which is near my village.

"I went to the village to find my own people. Did I find a friend? Did I find a relative? No, no. All the houses were burned, and nothing was left of my village."

And in closing his tale this poor old man said, "Ah, if I had only found my father! If I had only found my mother!"

Slavery had stretched out her hands for him. He was taken from his parents. All the family ties were broken, and like so many others, he was lost to his loved ones, and they knew him no more.

A MOTHER'S TALE

This is the tale of an old woman who often comes to the mission compound. Knowing her history, I have often wondered how she can be happy and cheerful.

The day she told me this story we were sitting in a hut in which there were no windows, and light and air came in through a small door. A little child had been born in that home, but had only been permitted

to live for three days, and then the frail life flickered out.

The parents had had five children, and only one was living. They were Christians, but they were paying bitterly for sins committed in their youth, and this was the reason this tiny baby did not have vitality enough to struggle for an existence.

And as I went into that home on that hot afternoon I found this old, toothless grandmother sitting there, telling about her early days. The story was almost finished when I arrived, but she repeated it for my benefit when she heard I had been in the Northern Sudan many times.

"I was married when I was a young girl," she said. "My husband followed the Mahdi because he was afraid to do otherwise. We lived in El-Obeid. This big village now has a real train to carry people, but in my day we all walked, or rode on camels or donkeys.

"I was left at home. I had two children, and was very happy with them. Then one day three of my friends and I went to gather wood. One of these girls was married. The other two were still virgins.

"You know that we Arab women are required to do all the hard work. Our husbands think it is a disgrace to help with the housework.

"While we were gathering the wood a party of Lyrie Arabs came along, and they seized us. For two years we travelled from one place to another. Most of the time we walked, but sometimes the Lyries would let us ride their oxen. They said they would sell us as soon as they could obtain a fair price.

"At last the journey brought us to the Shulla country. Then my masters found a man who was willing to buy me. He paid a cow for me. In those days there were so many slaves that a person was often sold for a paltry sum. I know of some people who were sold for a bit of grain, which the raiders needed badly because they were hungry. Sometimes a slave was sold for more than a cow. My masters were happy because they received one cow for me, and as soon as the deal was finished they left the village.

"The man who bought me said that he did not want a slave, but a wife. My master was a Shulla and we have lived in this country for many years. He has been good to me.

"I am old now, and my hair is grey. I can not walk as I did in my youth. From the day I was captured until this day I have never seen a relative of mine. And often when I dream at night I think of the babies which I saw those Lyrie Arabs put on the point of their sword, and cast into the air. Many a time I have wondered what became of the little ones I left in the house the day I went to gather wood, and was captured. Where are those little ones? Will I ever see them again?"

The land of the blacks has many tragedies hidden away, such as this one. We think of the blacks as victims of the slave trade, and we think rightly, for so they were. But on the other hand they had become so accustomed to the buying and selling of human beings, that they themselves entered into the nefarious trade. When opportunity offered

itself, and it was possible to get a slave at a fair price, the sale was consummated.

Not all the slaves were taken to distant places to be sold, but some of them found a market near home. In general, the black man was not harsh with his slaves. Among the Shullas they usually bought women and children. The women were taken as wives for themselves, or their sons, or their dependents. The slave girls were reared as though they belonged in the family, and later on were taken as wives, or sold to some other person for a dowry.

Boys which were acquired in this way, were brought up as sons. Cases have been known in which the master treated his slave son better than his own son.

The narrator of this story was fortunate because her master took her as a wife, and treated her as one. In spite of the fact that her new surroundings were fairly comfortable, from a native standpoint, this woman could not forget, and never will forget the two little ones whom she left in her home that day she went out to gather wood. She wept long and bitterly for them. She wept so much that she almost lost her eyesight.

A son was born to her in the Shulla country, and he has accepted the Christian faith. Will his influence lead his mother into the care of Christ, the Saviour of all mankind?

UNFORGOTTEN YESTERDAYS

Can you picture in your mind a tall, black man, at least six and one half feet in height? Sturdy, athletic in build, with skin as black as ebony, and teeth as white as pearls, but with features badly marred by small-pox?

He and I had been talking about different diseases, and among those which were mentioned the subject of small-pox came up. He told me that when he was a small boy this same disease had swept through his land, and it was so violent in character it "was not a thing of the earth". In other words so many people were smitten by this disease that few were left to take care of the sick, or to bury the dead. He lived through the epidemic of eight years ago, but he says it was nothing compared with the epidemic which swept through the land in his youth.

Let us permit him to give his own account of those unforgotten yesterdays.

"In those days we had no place to go to seek help. No mission doctors had come among us. The foreigners who carry the flag (the British) had not yet arrived. We did not know what it meant to have a little medicine (vaccination) put in our arms to keep us from being taken by the bad wind (small-pox). The people died like flies.

"Following this bad wind a second scourge came into the country. The Dervishes came into our land, and they took all our young people. They took all those who would make good slaves, and carried them away.

"Only the old, and those who were infirm, remained in the village. Some of these were so weak that the hyenas got them. The villages were full of people one day, and the next all was quiet, and still as death.

"At night the Dervishes sent out

spies to see the land. And at night the fighting men moved from their camps to the villages they had picked out for plunder. Then in the first light of morning they would attack the village from all sides.

"I was only a little boy, and herded the sheep in the day time. I was captured, but escaped. I saw many people lined up to have their heads cut off. They could not run away because the Dervishes were there with their guns, and we did not even have spears, because they were all taken away from us. Once I saw some blind people have their heads cut off by these Dervishes.

"They killed my father's father, and I saw them do it. That was the day they attacked our village just as the sun was rising. Never will I forget the sound of the guns as they were discharged in our midst.

"Many of the people ran away that day. Some of them cast their spears at the Dervishes. Those who were caught by the maurauders had fish hooks stuck into their skin, because they had cast spears.

"Once these men took a great number of people, and tied them all to a long rope made of grass. Then they set fire to that rope. When the fire reached the necks of the people they screamed. But their enemies only laughed at them.

"Sometimes the Dervishes took off the heads of some of their prisoners, and then cast the heads into the fire. When they burst they made a big noise," and said "Tup" (imitation of the sound of the bursting skulls.)

"This war continued until the people who now carry the flag came into our land. They said that slavery should stop. At first the Dervishes laughed at these foreigners, but they learned that there was no talk in a circle. (In other words the Dervishes learned that the British meant what they said). When the people all sat on the earth (when peace was restored) then we began to hoe in our fields, and to plant our grain."

"Pitying God! Is that a woman
On whose wrist the shackles clash?
Is that shriek she utters human,
Underneath the stinging lash?
Are they men whose eyes of madness
From that sad procession flash?"
From "At Washington", by Whittier.

"IT WAS STATED TO ME BY MY GRANDFATHER"

So began the written account which a young, well educated Egyptian sent to me one day. He had told these stories when he called at the mission on a certain holiday, and when asked to send a written account, he promised to do so, and kept his word promptly. Space does not permit to give the manuscript in detail, but even the abridged account is full of pathos.

"Some Jews were living in Khartoum, in the neighborhood of a well-known Mohammedan who came from Egypt. This rich Mohammedan had lived in the Sudan for many years.

"When the Jews heard that the Mahdi (the Mohammedan leader, who claimed to be a religious reformer, but was overthrown by the British) was coming, they went to this good man's house with their families. They thought that the Mahdi would not harm that devout Mohammedan, and

that they would escape while they were enjoying his hospitality.

"But their thoughts proved false. The soldiers of the Mahdi entered that house. They found that man reading the Koran, in the presence of his wife and daughter. They bound his arms and legs with strong rope, then mutilated his wife and daughter, and finally killed him. His blood was poured on the pages of the book he was reading."

The second incident he relates is even more heartless.

"There was a certain government officer, who lived near Shendi. Word was sent to him that on a certain day he, and all the people under his control, should swear allegiance to the Mahdi, who was the all-wise, and the all-powerful ruler of the Sudan.

"This government officer sent word to all the other officers, and the noblemen of the province, to come in on a certain day to hear the Mahdi's petition read. They came. They refused to follow the Mahdi, and said they did not want to shed blood.

"Many assemblies were held, and each one brought forth the same result. The officer, who received the letter, knew that the Mahdi would be very angry when he heard that they had decided not to join his forces. The officer also knew that the Mahdi had many soldiers under him. So this true man sent to Metemma for help, but before the detachment of soldiers arrived, the Mahdi's army pounced upon them.

"All the women and girls were mistreated and then killed in front of their men. Then the men were killed and cut up. Not one remained in the village.

"That government officer was a good man, and he tried to be true to the government. The Mahdi's soldiers killed him and all his people, even though they knew that all were Mohammedans."

A QUACK DOCTOR TELLS ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCES

"I was a rich man in the days of the Mahdi. My house had thick walls, and was able to withstand a long siege. When the Mahdi came, I locked myself in my house, and there I lived with my family.

"The Mahdi's soldiers came one day, and called to me to open the door, but I refused. They tried to break in, but did not succeed. One of my friends had followed the Mahdi in order to save his life, and he turned against me. When he left he said that we would always be friends, but in a few days he returned with the Mahdi's soldiers, and showed them where they could scale the walls of my house. They came, and climbed the wall, then they got into my house. They opened the heavy door from the inside, and dragged me forth; I was taken in chains before the Mahdi, who gave orders to have my head taken off.

"My false friend heard that I was to be killed, and he went to the Mahdi to intercede for me. He repented of the evil which he had brought on my head. This man told the Mahdi that I was a very clever doctor. This was not true, because I knew only a little about medicine. I had learned just a little about different kinds of medicine when I travelled up and down

the White Nile on the slave-raiding boats.

"The Mahdi said that I might live if I would help to doctor all those who were ill in camp. I promised readily because life was dear to me. For many months I helped with the sick ones in camp, and those who were wounded.

"Five of my relatives were killed while I was serving the Mahdi. He said their color was too light, and he was afraid of them. .We came from Syria, and the people are not as dark as the Egyptians. The only reason why the Mahdi did not kill me was because I knew a little about medicine, and he told his men to call me 'Doctor'. I hated the Mahdi, but I had to keep quiet, lest his men should kill me."

THE BLACK DIAMOND SPEAKS

The subject of this sketch was born on the high ridge which separates the land so that part of the water flows north down the Nile to the Mediterranean, and the other part goes down the Congo to the Atlantic Ocean.

The land occupied by his tribe, who are called the Mundo, is between the tributaries of the two mighty streams that have witnessed so much of life and sorrow in the black belt of Africa. This man lived at least a thousand miles south of Khartoum, and yet so great are the tributaries of the White Nile that it was possible for the Arab slave merchants to reach his tribe. The river which is in itself a life giving stream to thousands and thousands of people to the north, proved to be a bearer of death to many who lived to the south.

His country nourished the lands to the north with the life-giving waters so needed in the Northern Sudan and Egypt, and in exchange there came up the river boats loaded with men, who said they came to buy ivory, but in reality it was "black ivory" which they sought. They came to make slaves of the inhabitants.

The man who told this tale had the Arabic name, "Almaz", which means "Diamond". A number of years ago when he came to the mission to work in the garden, we added the word "Black" to his name, and called him the "Black Diamond". He was not a model workman by any manner of means, but we shall always feel grateful to him for the speed with which he walked fifteen miles across country to Malakal to carry messages to the British doctor on three different occasions when help was needed badly.

He told his story in a very off-hand manner, and with very little sign of emotion, but we who know him realize that a deep scar has been left on his life by those who should have been a help to his tribe. His life will always show the effects of those dreadful slave days.

"Before I was born my father died, and my mother went to live with an older brother of mine. This was the custom of my tribe. I was happy in those days. I played with the other boys, and helped herd sheep. Sometimes I quarreled. In the summer I helped to hoe the kaffir corn fields.

"And then the soldiers of the Mahdi came. They came to my brother's

house and they took a large quantity of grain. They said that this corn was our tax, and belonged to the government.

"They asked for helpers to carry this grain to the river bank. We all went because we thought we would receive a little pay for the work. We did not know what was before our feet(i.e. They did not realize they were being taken into slavery.) The grain was put in baskets which the women had woven from grass. Twice we slept because the path was long.

"When we reached the place where the boat was, we all set down our baskets and said, 'Now we will return to our villages.' But the Arabs leaped upon us, and we were put in a big house. When we were seized the chief of the foreigners was absent, but when he returned he said that we should all travel.

"We did not go in a boat. We started north, and for days and days marched north. We walked on the earth, and were very tired. It was during the dry season when the sun is very hot. Water was very scarce. Had it been in the rainy season all this land would have been a vast swamp, and no man could walk through it at such a time.

"As we marched along, we were joined by other people from time to time. Many of our party were beaten to death with clubs. When one of us died by the side of the road he was not buried.

"Our masters either walked or rode, but they had no burdens to carry. We had a little water, but the masters kept it for themselves. Even they used the water very sparingly because there was so little of it.

"My own master did not lose as many people as did some of the other masters. Mine started on that trip with *three hundred* slaves, and only *two hundred* of them died by the way.

"Water holes were scarce, and when a person wanted to drink he blew the scum off the water because there was blood in it. We could see that other slave caravans had passed by that way because we often found dead bodies floating in the water. For several days our party did without water. When we came to a few mud holes we sucked the water from the mud.

"My master somtimes gave me a sip of water, but it never quenched my thirst. Finally our long trip across the dry earth came to an end, and we reached a river once more. Many, who sucked mud died when they drank water. Some could not get the mud from their throats. The taste would not leave them.

"When my master heard that troups were coming he took us to Darfur (a province of the Sudan). One of his friends went with us. This friend fought along the way with an enemy, and killed him. Then he cut off his head, and sent it to the Khalifa.

"Once I had an opportunity to escape, but I was afraid. After the war ceased I returned to this part of the world. I have no relatives. They were all killed in the days of the war."

THE WOES OF THE HUNTED

Many of the natives in the Sudan mark time by telling how long before or after the coming of the Dervishes a certain event took place. The man who related the following story says that he was about eleven or twelve years old when the Dervishes overran the land of the Shullas.

"My chief memory of childhood is the plentiful food which we had to eat. I remember also the good times I had playing with other boys of my age. I should have been herding the sheep, but the sheep of our village were few, and there wasn't much work to do.

"One day we killed a sheep, and my mother was cooking it for our evening meal. We children were all wondering how long it would be until the meat was boiled, because we were very hungry.

"Suddenly there was a great noise at the edge of the village, and we ran to see what had happened. There were great crowds of Dervishes, and each one carried a gun. You know that our Shulla villages are not like the villages of the foreigners. We build a group of houses for a man and his sons and their families, and then a little farther on another man does the same. Our villages cover much land.

"As these people came further into the village they fired their guns at the people. Some of the people ran to the river. My father's brother was in this crowd, and he was killed as he ran to escape. My mother and I hid in the long grass near the river bank. Father was carrying a gun, which he had seized, but he dropped it as he ran to the river, and it was lost. Father swam across the river. While mother and I were hiding in the long grass a poor Dinka boy came crawling along. He had been captured by the Dervishes. He was ill, and had managed to escape.

A SLAVE RAIDING SCENE UNDER DERVISH RULE IN THE LAND OF THE BLACKS

"When darkness came on father swam back across the river, and took us to a place of safety. We asked the Dinka boy to go with us. He did not belong to our tribe, but we were sorry for him.

"We hid away from the Dervishes for a year. We just lived on the earth, but had no house. I do not know how we existed in those days. Hunger was ever with us.

"About this time the Dervishes put most insulting conditions on the men, and told them if they complied they could return to their homes in peace. The offer was accepted, and the people returned to their villages.

"We were still in hiding, and when father heard about the talk of the Dervishes he said we would go to them. The invaders did not keep their promises. They carried off many people and made slaves of them, and they took a large part of the crop of kaffir corn for food. What was left in the houses was burned. They refused to give it to us to eat. Our family remained in the village, and though many of our friends were killed, we managed to escape. Frequently we ran from the village to escape from the enemy. Many of the children were lost in this way, and if the Dervishes found them they were killed.

"My father had to be especially careful because the Dervishes were looking for him. My mother was a girl who had been taken from among the Arabs, and my father bought her as a slave. Her friends knew that she was in our part of the country. They sought for her, but did not find her. She did not want to leave us and go to her country.

"Many of the Shullas had rifles. The Dervishes collected all of them because they did not want an uprising among the people. They also demanded that we pay heavy taxes. Many of us died from hunger. Our food consisted of certain plants which we cooked as greens.

"I saw parents sacrificing themselves for their children. Mothers and fathers went hungry that they might give the little they had to their children.

"But I also saw fathers sell their daughters to the foreigners for a gourd full of kaffir corn. Sometimes men would borrow spears, and if one of these spears was lost the owner seized the man who borrowed it, and sold him as a slave.

"Once I saw a girl sold to pay for a pair of sandals which had been lost. The sandals were worth about five piasters (twenty-five cents).

"Three years my village suffered in this way, and then another tribe of foreigners (the British) came, and they chased away the Arabs. For many years we did not believe the word of these foreigners. We thought they were like the Arabs who had taken us as slaves. Then we began to see it was safe to live in our villages once more.

"When I grew up I went to Taufikia (a government station) to work. The Arabs taught me many bad things, in addition to the sins I had learned when I was a boy. These Arabs told me I would become a great man if I would follow Mohammed.

"Then I came to the mission to work, when you were a bride. I saw

that the talk in your houses was different. But you will remember that I often boasted that I was a Mohammedan. You and your husband did not argue with me. The other missionary, who was killed by a lion, said nothing to me about being a Mohammedan. You were kind to me.

"I learned from you that the Son of God came into the world to save sinners. But I left the mission because I did not want to do what was right. I liked the way of sin.

"After many years I saw that the way of sin was wrong, and that I had been very bad. Then I returned to the mission and asked for work. One day in a meeting I stood up and asked for baptism. Some of the Shullas looked amazed. I saw their faces. They did not think I was telling the truth. I had the "Water of God" (baptism) put on my head. I pray every day.

"My wife said she never would become a Christian, but you missionaries told me not to argue with her. You told me to show in my work that I believed. Then one day she told me that she wanted to walk in the same path, and she was baptised."

"In even savage bosoms there are longings, yearnings, strivings, for the good they comprehend not."

From "Hiawatha", by Longfellow.

WANDERINGS OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE

"When the Dervishes came to our country I was a young man. One day one of my friends asked me to go to the river bank with him to buy a little kaffir corn from the traders. I gladly went with him because his talk made me happy. I thought it meant we would have some food to eat. When we reached the river bank the traders filled a basket full of grain (about a bushel). I put it on my head and was going home, but my friend seized me and said he had sold me to the Dervishes for that basket full of grain.

"I was taken to the Northern Sudan and was sold as a slave. Then I escaped and went into the army. We fought against the Mahdi. I was in the Egyptian army. I fought in several battles. Once I shot a man with my gun, and immediately I was speared by his servant, who had followed his master into the battle. I shot the servant while I was lying on the ground. Then another person speared me. All our fine army was killed. I remained on the battlefield, alone, and wounded.

"The third day I was found by some Arabs. Some of them wanted to cut my throat, but others said, 'Let him live. Since he has not died it is God's will that he should live.'

"They put me on a mule, and carried me to a village. They bathed me in hot water. A part of my lung was protruding from the wound, and they cut off that part. They put powdered coffee on my spear wounds. Powdered coffee is good for wounds.

"When I got well I escaped from them. I was seized by other Arabs. I remained with them for some time. They gave me a wife. I told them I did not want a wife. I only wanted to return to my own country. They replied by saying, 'She can cook for you.'

"I assented with my mouth, but I ran away the first opportunity I had.

I lived by going to the villages at night, and I begged food from the women. Sometimes I found the women sleeping, and then I entered the houses and took such food as I needed. In the day time I remained in hiding.

"Then I went to another village, and as usual went to steal food at night. I went to a certain house and found a woman sleeping, but I made a noise and that awakened her. She was very kind and gave me food. When I asked for water she said she had none, but would go and fetch it. I waited. She did not go for water, but she called her husband. He came and took me as a prisoner. He promised me many things with his mouth. I was with him for three months. At night I tried to escape, but the place was enclosed by thorns.

"My wounds were still sore, but I was determined to escape in spite of the thorns. I walked backward to that fence, then I suddenly turned around and leaped over it.

"I made my way to Khartoum. The people were amazed when they saw me. Many came to me and asked about a soldier friend or relative who was in the army with me. I told them I alone had escaped. They made a feast for me because I had escaped from the dead.

"I remained in Khartoum, and my wounds finally healed. Then we heard that the Mahdi had arrived, and was waiting just outside the city. Food became scarce, and hunger became greater than ever. Some of us had a little money but there was nothing to buy in the market.

"The hunger became intense. Horses were eaten. Those who had donkeys killed them, and ate them. But they did not share the meat with others. Many died from eating the donkey meat.

"Khartoum had a ditch around it (i.e. a moat). The Mahdi's soldiers entered on a Friday night through three gates. They fell upon the defenders. The Mahdi's soldiers did not know death (i.e. they disregarded it). The Mahdi gave orders that the unresisting were not to be killed. Some of his soldiers obeyed the order, others did not.

"I was in the Palace Gardens when they marched upon Gordon. Gordon was A MAN. They found him upstairs. They dragged him downstairs like a dog. His head was cut off. I was there, and I saw them do it.

"Ropes were put around the necks of all of Gordon's soldiers, and they said they were going to kill us. Some of the women and children were killed, but the Mahdi said, 'Let no one else be killed; because this is the day of victory.' So they released us.

"For two months I had not been able to go to my family, and when I returned I found that they had all been taken as slaves. I stated my case to the man who had bought my family. He said that I had died for the sake of right (i.e. he had been sorely wounded while fighting in Gordon's army) and therefore no man should rule over me, or my family. He gave me a letter which contained this statement. I kept this letter for years, and it is only a short time ago since I lost it.

"After all the war was finished I returned to the Shulla country. I

have been sitting on the earth since that time (he has not been engaged in warfare). The people who carry the flag (the British) have done great things in this land."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SORROW

One of our friends is an old man, a man so old that he can scarcely totter along, and with eyesight so poor that he can scarcely see. He it was whom the slave raiders treated with more brutality than the majority of his tribesmen.

He tells his story thus: "I was a young man when the Dervishes came to the country of my people. Our cattle had been driven away to the Dinka country because my father had heard that the Dervishes were coming. He was a careful man, and he did not want the Dervishes to seize his cattle.

"Later on I went to the village of the Shulla king to help some of his followers drive his cattle to a place of safety. While we were driving the cattle along the road we saw a party of Dervishes, and we hastened, but they gained on us. They called to us to stop, but we did not do as they said.

"They began to curse us, and to say that if we did not stop they would shoot us, but we kept on going. I was shot in the ankle. That is the reason one of my ankles is so mis-shaped, and the other one is in good condition. When I was hit I plunged into the reeds along the river bank, and the Dervishes could not find me. They took the king's cattle and disappeared.

"After they left I hid in the tall grass for a long time. You foreigners do not know how one feels when he hides in the grass, and has a broken ankle. Towards evening I saw a canoe. As it drew closer I was glad to see my half brother in it. I called to him and told him that I had been sorely wounded by the Dervishes. He took me in his canoe and rowed me to a place where he knew my father was hiding. Then they rowed me to the Dinka country, where I suffered much from my wounds.

"My brother was attacked by the Dervishes the same day that I was wounded. He was carrying his small child, and in the surprise of the attack the little one was dropped into the river, and was drowned.

"Some time later I was rowing across the river. A crocodile came up to the boat, and caught me by the hand. I was dragged into the river. I fought the crocodile with one hand, and finally got across to the other side.

"We black people do not fear danger. We do not fear death. But the agony of those Dervish days will linger in my memory until the day that I die."

"A poor old slave, infirm and lame,
Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags that hid his mangled frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.

"On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth."

—From "The Slave In The Dismal Swamp", by Longfellow.

MY EYES WERE GREEN WITH HUNGER

"I was a small lad when the Dervishes came to our country. The hunger of the year which is called the year six was a time of great suffering. For two years the crops were very poor. And more than that, the Dervishes demanded the little which we had. Many a time during those days, and later on, my eyes were green with hunger, because I wanted food so badly.

"We had a friend who had hidden a little kaffir corn in a hole, and each time he took out a handful he carefully scraped the ground so that no one could see where it had been. People were dying from starvation all about us.

"A few of the people had donkeys, and these were stolen by the Dervishes. Those who had cattle or sheep kept them in the house all the time, so that they could not be seen.

"This I saw with my own eyes. A man killed a donkey. He was so hungry that he could not wait until the meat was cooked. He ate it raw. The poor man died soon after eating the meat.

"A certain sick man ate his own child, in the extremity of his hunger. It was whispered on many occasions that children disappeared, and that they were eaten by those who stole them from their parents.

"A young woman and her sister disappeared. The talk of the market place was that they had been eaten by their uncles.

"I even saw some people in the market place eat the manure which the animals dropped in the streets. You foreigners cannot believe such talk, but we black people know that it is true, because we lived through all the days of the slave raiders, and the Dervishes, and the Mahdi."

THE KEEPER'S ACCOUNT

It had often been a question with me whether the numerous stories of those dark days might not have been colored a bit with the glamour of the years which have passed since that time. This idea was dispelled last summer when we visited the White Tower which is a part of the Tower of London.

We had spent a long, interesting afternoon going from one room to another looking at the collections of guns, swords, sabers, spears, bayonets, etc. Then we came to a case in which there were specimens of Sudanese swords and beside the case were four which were offered for sale.

We immediately recognized the swords as belonging to the Dervish days, and were commenting on them, when one of the keepers of the Tower came along. He overheard our remarks, and asked us if we had ever been in the Sudan. When he was told that we had just come from there he said, "Well, I was there in 1886. I was a young soldier and eager for adventure. My detachment was sent to Suakin (a sea-port in the Sudan).

"The slave market in that town was the largest in the world at that time. My own eyes could scarcely believe all I saw in that town. There was a great wall around the slave market. Slaves were sold there every day. They had great yokes around their necks so that they could not run away.

"In the middle of the town was a great pit into which all the refuse of the town was cast. The odor was shocking. I saw a man and a donkey floating around in it together. One of the first things that we did was to fill that horrible pit.

"The natives came out at night and dug up the bodies of the British soldiers, who had died. Then they mutilated them dreadfully. So we decided to hold a mock funeral. We even had a mock parson. The coffin was filled with explosives. At night when the searchlight showed that the natives were getting ready to rifle the grave, a button was pressed, and that ended their depredations.

"I have read many accounts of the slave days in the Sudan. None of them are over-colored. It still makes me shudder when I think of the sights I actually saw way back in 1886.

"There never was a braver soldier than Gordon. Nor was there ever a better Christian general than he."

"Thy children all, though hue and form
Are varied in Thine own good will,
With Thy own holy breathings warm,
And fashioned in Thine image still."

From "Hymn" by Whittier.

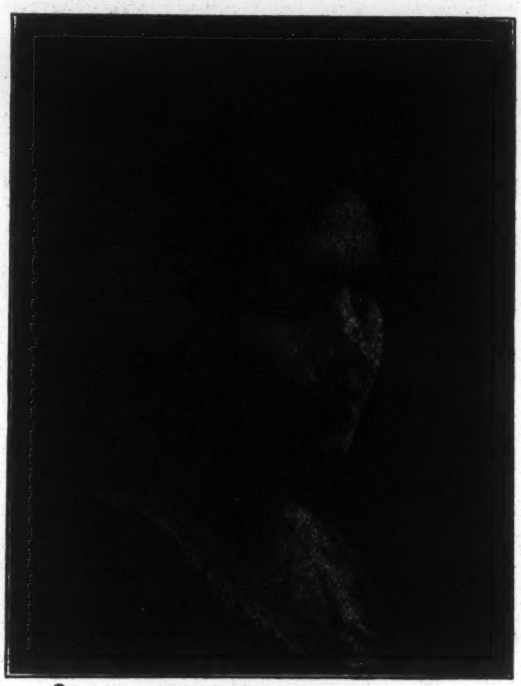
Slavery exists in 19 distinct areas in different parts of the world and forced labor in many other sections, according to a statement to the State Department made public today (June 7, 1928) by the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill of the Federal Council of Churches.

Even in regions controlled by the United States, the churchmen report, are found certain forms of peonage closely akin to forced labor. The statements made by the church officials, they say, are based on reports made to them by travelers and investigators and substantiated by the recent investigations of the League of Nations. By action of the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, the churches are urging the Government to cooperate with other nations in drafting and then putting into active operation a general convention providing for the complete abolition of slavery and all forms of forced labor akin to slavery.

"The evil of slavery and forced labor has been recognized during recent centuries as having international implications and effects," says the appeal presented to the State Department. "It is now generally admitted that these evils can be completely overthrown and abolished only by the united and determined expression of the moral judgment of the world, and by the persistent, cooperative activities of the more progressive nations."

—*Bulletin of Federal Council of Churches.*

ABYSSINIA SPECIAL



MRS. FRED RUSSELL
Editor for Abyssinia

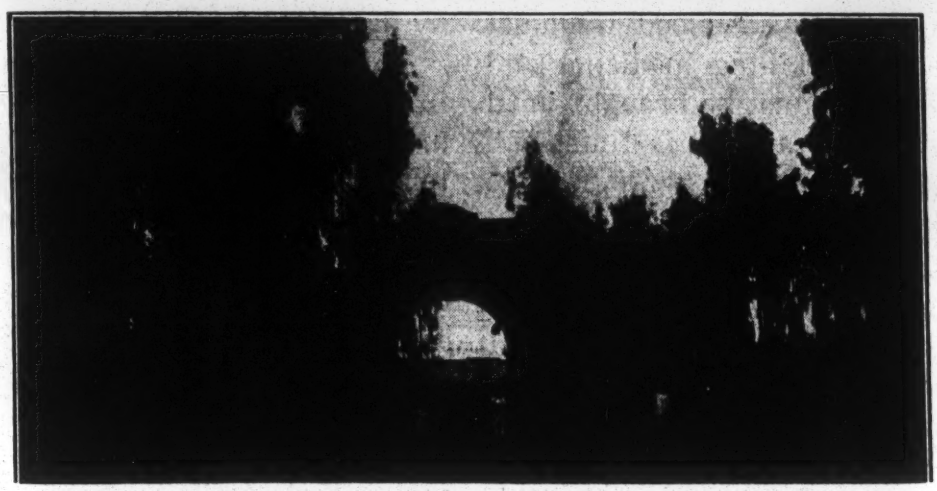
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN ABYSSINIA

Does It Pay?

By A. W. Pollock, M. D., Addis Ababa, Abyssinia.

ONE morning a little group of people were seen wending their way along the Gulali Road that leads from the center of Addis Ababa out toward the west. As they came nearer one could see that they were carrying something. As they approached the great archway that forms the entrance to the George Memorial Hospital grounds the little group with their burden swung in under the arch and ascended the gentle slope to the great stone building. They seemed to know where they were going for as they neared the main entrance they bore off to the left and finally deposited their charge on the wide western veranda. Then leaving what they had been carrying they moved off to the other end of the veranda and without a word sat quietly down and waited patiently.

Perhaps an hour later the doctor, who had just finished his rounds of the wards and private rooms came along the hallway to the clinic. As he was about to enter the room an assistant who was standing there said "Come" and slowly led the doctor out on to the veranda and to the burden which had been placed there by the carriers. At first he saw what he had often seen before—an old wooden bed with legs about twenty inches high, a crude frame on which were stretched leather thongs. But what—what was that

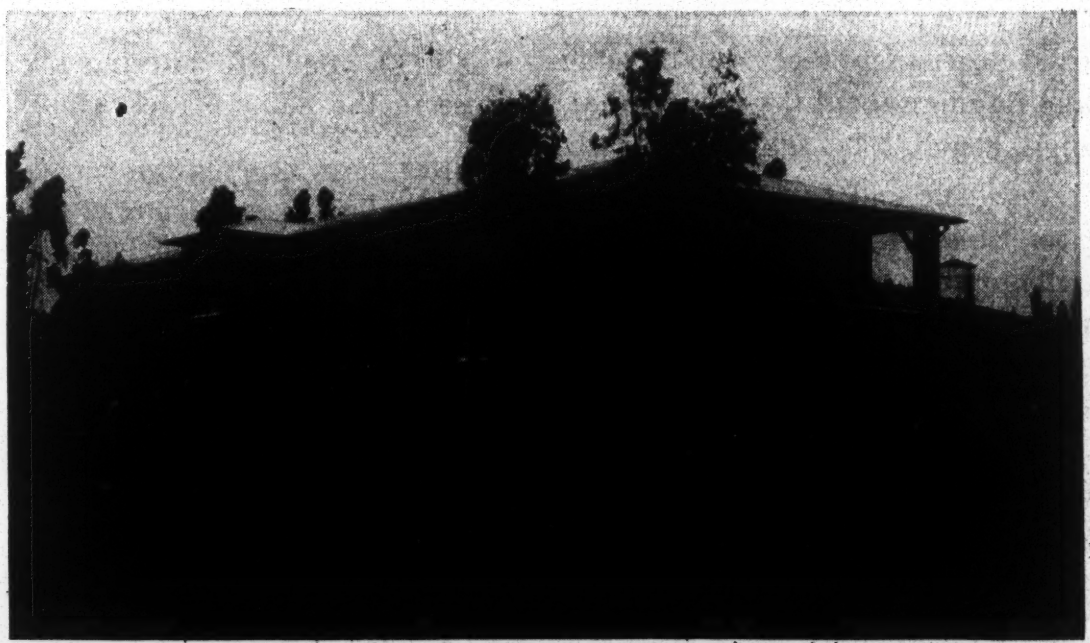


The Entrance Gate to the George Memorial Hospital, at Addis Ababa, Abyssinia, erected by H. H. Ras Tafari. It is a gateway leading to hope, health, happiness and a knowledge of Heaven.

on the bed? Was it human? Yes, human in shape but what a pitiable spectacle. Partly covered by a mass of filthy rags, with knees drawn up and with his head down on his chest lay a terrible sight. All over the poor body foul festering sores had eaten deep holes into the flesh. The face was distorted and drawn and scarcely could a spot be found as large as a penny that was not a mass of foul sores. Oh, the ravages of sinful disease on what had once been a man.

Could anything be done? It looked so hopeless. Yet in George Memorial we always feel that the power of Jesus is here to heal. A diagnosis was quickly made. It was another case of the awful specific disease so prevalent in Abyssinia.

"We will do our best", the doctor



THE GEORGE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ADDIS ABABA, ABYSSINIA

Cut furnished from Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund.

said to the friends, "but this is a terrible case. Into his blood we must inject a germ killing medicine and every week he must be brought until his course of treatment is finished."

So awful was the patient's condition and so terrible the odor that he could not be taken into the clinic but in the hallway he was given his treatment. Only with difficulty could a spot of skin be found, sound enough for the needle's prick. The treatment over, the little group of men again picked up their burden and soon disappeared under the arched gateway.

A week passed and again the doctor came along the hallway toward the clinic. This time he stopped for a while in the waiting room where the Gospel was being read to the patients. On one bench sat a man intently listening. He was dressed in spotless white and seemed so happy as he bowed to the doctor. Later in the clinic the man was seen with four others. He kept bowing and bowing and sounding praises and finally said "Don't you know me?" As the doctor looked closer there seemed to be something familiar about the eyes. "What? No, it couldn't be. Yes, he is the same. A miraculous transformation, by the blessing of God."

This man—a filthy mass of sores in a bundle of rags a week before, unable to walk—but carried by others to the place of healing, was now clothed in clean garments, and had *walked,* his awful sores were dried or rapidly drying up, his face was bright and hopeful. Not only that—he had brought with him four others suffering with the same disease but in a milder form. Each week he came—each week he heard—till his cure was complete. Wont you pray that the Word he heard will perform in his heart, even a more purifying, cleansing cure than that he received in his body at George Memorial?

This is not an isolated case. Each week, scores and scores of diseased and broken bodies are treated in clinic and hospital. Some stories are too awful to put into print. We see wonderful transformations in broken bodies by the power of Christ. We pray for the spiritual healing which all need even more.

Does it pay? Would it pay to waste(?) your life nursing such as these in the name of Jesus? Would it?

"At even' ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord around Thee lay,
O, in what divers pain they met,
O, with what joy they went away.

"Thy touch has still its ancient power
No word from Thee can fruitless fall
Hear, in this solemn evening hour
And in Thy mercy heal us all."

Abyssinian Human Nature

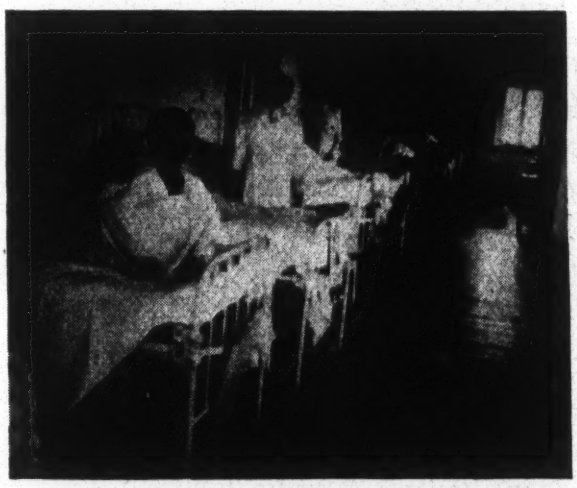
As Seen Among Patients in the American Mission Hospital, Addis Ababa, Abyssinia

By Stuart Bergsma, M. D., Addis Ababa, Abyssinia.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts," said the bard of Avon.

ANY one who visits a country as strange as Abyssinia will find himself frequently regarding the people as players in some mediaeval drama and daily events as an unfolding of some complicated Ethiopian plot. Add to this the fact that all the conversations of the "players" are in a strange language, the dress of the "players" a long white flowing *chamma* such as is worn by the patriarchs shown in Bible pictures, the skin of the "players" varying from an olive brown to anthracite black and their customs and mental background often bordering on the fantastic, and you have in one scene all the elements necessary for an unreal, tropical, "South of Suez" tragi-comedy.

It is not my purpose thus to treat Abyssinia and Abyssinians. In the first place I have been in this country only two months, far too short a time to form many opinions without running the danger of humbly making a public recantation; further I have not the fervid literary ardor (or should I say "pseudo" ardor) of a gentleman I have heard of who determined to write a book on Abyssinia, read all he could about it, and had most of it ready for the printers before he entered Abyssinia, and after a week in Addis Ababa and its environs wrote the word "Finis" to it and departed, looking for other worlds to conquer; nor does the physician as often see the romantic side of the people as does the casual traveler, for to him they are often



Scene in Surgical Ward of George Memorial Hospital, Addis Ababa.
Cut furnished from Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund.

almost literally "bare" facts. Although in Abyssinia but a short time I have learned to like many of the qualities of the people and just as emphatically to dislike other qualities. I wish to be fair to the people and not paint their character black as their skin nor as rosy as the sunny good humor they often exhibit. If I err it shall not be for any lack of sympathy with the people but just because of ignorance and too hasty, immature judgment.

I think a physician often has re-

vealed to him a very human picture of any man's character for when sick, once having won the native's confidence, the Abyssinian often will stand out in more true light than when proudly strutting along the highway with a "superior than thou" attitude. I shall pick out a few incidents from my daily work and contact with the people and by them illustrate a few of the many sides of their character, for as Shakespeare said: "One man in his time plays many parts" and even the patient in convalesence can be very different from the grievously ill or freshly injured patient who was admitted.

Warku was a thief. He was shot one night through the upper part of his right chest while attempting to enter a house and carry on his nefarious business. He hid amid a clump of trees for two days while his chest filled with blood and then crawled out and gave himself up to the *zabanias*. He had a very stormy siege of illness and for a time seemed to be about to enter what seemed to him to be a hereafter of horrors for he feared death greatly, but by the grace of God he recovered after a few inches of rib were removed, and pus drained for several weeks. He became a very thankful, cheerful patient and I missed his sunny face after the *zabanias* came and took him away to trial for his misdeeds. The way of the transgressor often is hard in Abyssinia. In former days (I do not know if the penalty is still the same) a thief lost the hand that did the stealing. This perhaps accounts for the extreme reluctance with which patients will consent to a most necessary amputation of a worthless putrid member.

Warku heard many Bible lessons spoken by the native Bible woman and many chapters of Scripture read by the native Bible readers and a few sermons on the Sabbaths when he was well enough to go to the Sabbath meeting and when the sermons and illustrated Bible talks were given in the wards and we trust that in the future he will follow a more honorable and less hazardous occupation.

Warku represents one element in Abyssinian character. I do not intimate that all Abyssinians are dishonest. But there is much petty thievery and this is a land of lock and key. It is not unique in this respect for with only slight effort one could get clippings from American newspapers and match every crime here with one more atrocious in America. If "South of Suez" means a land where "There aint no ten commandments" as a well-known writer has said, I'm afraid North of Suez might mean the same thing if these people could but read our newspapers. Many Abyssinians have so little, that to steal a few eggs, a bar of soap or to empty oil from the lamps for private use in their hut hardly seems a crime to them. And higher up the scale, theft and graft may become almost a virtue, a sort of being-more-clever than the other fellow.

It would be simple to recite incident after incident, to prove, as some maintain, that the Abyssinian is cruel to his fellowmen and to animals. But a few incidents do not prove a national character any more than

one robin in February means that summer is at hand. In defense of the Abyssinian we could recite incidents to prove the converse. One of our boys had two hens. After a few days one was lost, strayed or stolen, probably the last condition. Before her disappearance she had laid three eggs, which he had proudly saved. He was so distressed he gave the eggs away, it would be impossible for him to eat them. Nor are the people callous to suffering of others. When a member of the family or a friend is very ill as great concern is shown as we see in the homeland.

It is but natural that a people, isolated from the rest of the world until so recently, like the Abyssinians, should have many strange practices and superstitions. On the other hand Abyssinia is rich in traditions and is proud of the fact that she, as a Christian nation, has for centuries withstood the onslaught of paganism and Mohammedanism, and has emerged unchanged and triumphant over these foes. But her religious fervor has manifested itself largely in an observance of fasts and feasts, rituals and ceremonies, in a great priesthood who alone understand the eclesiastical language and a great mass of laity who receive little food for their souls.

We had a disciple of Mohammed as patient a week ago, and I envied him his religious fervor and was relieved to see him go. For he was a proselytizer of whom Mohammed might well be proud. He spread his prayer mat on the floor and faced toward Mecca punctually at the required hours, read the Koran with loud voice and was a most cheerful old Arab. No one understood his Arabic, but a demonstration of such fidelity to a religion must have impressed patients almost as much as it impressed attendants.

There is an old Galla with a fractured thigh in the ward. He is a cheerful "Old Black Joe" sort of individual. He cheerfully removes all the adhesive placed on his leg to extend it with weights, cuts the ropes that hold the weights, painstakenly works his leg out of any splint applied, and is so proud of his cleverness and our vexation that one can't get angry with him. In spite of his age and tampering with everything fixed for his welfare his leg became fairly strong and he walks about with crutches. He was complaining a few days ago because we advised against going home; he said there was something he wanted to do at home, something in which he had great faith. He said: "If I could only go home, lie on my back, and drink goat's milk through my nose I'd be better in a day." Rather than destroy his faith by letting him try the experiment I insisted he should stay a short time longer.

Many of the poorer, more ignorant people are very much like children. They are very much interested in pictures and will stare at the large picture illustrating the Sabbath School lesson as if getting the finest detail. The Bible talks illustrated by stereopticon pictures, in which work Mr. Russell takes great interest, are also a great attraction for them. The Sabbath School classes and the preaching services are well attended

each Sabbath. One priest has been attending services very regularly, and one Sabbath there were four present, who told Dr. Pollock, the speaker of the day, that his words were like "honey." It is the fervent wish of all of us that the promise of Psalm 68 may soon be fulfilled and "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

"I Am The Light Of The World"

By Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R. N., Addis Ababa, Abyssinia.

RUTH C. BEATTY
Abysinia

ABOUT sixty years ago near Asmara Eritrea a little baby girl was born, who some day would be used of God in bringing the Light of the Gospel to those yet in darkness. The brothers and sisters of Woletta Mariam died when young and her parents must have died soon after she was born as she does not remember them. The Swedish school at Asmara took her in and here she remained for sixteen years. When old enough she was given the buying of the food and clothes for the other children. When fifteen years old Woletta Mariam accepted Christ as her Saviour. Five years after this she married one of the Christian boys at the school. At the present time one of her sons is a soldier in the Italian army at Tripoli and the other lives with his mother.

Soon after her marriage, Woletta went with her husband to his country to live. Here, every year, it was her custom to give a feast for the priests. They were pleased to come to her feasts, but did not approve of her beliefs and teachings. They said that her husband was a good man, but his wife was a bad woman and should be put in prison. Only because she was a woman was she not put in prison before this. But they were not willing to allow her to continue her teaching and soon after her last feast which she gave the priests was she seized and sent to prison. Ten times, was she taken to different courts for trial. Forty other Swedish converts were tried at the same time, but she was the only woman. Her ankles were tied together with heavy chains and she was compelled to walk for long distances. Their prison was a dark and filthy room where little sunlight ever found its way. It was not a very pleasant place to be thrown. In order that the guards might receive bribes from the prisoners they were smoked with pepper. One day a large tent was erected outside the prison. Soon it

was filled with people who were curious to see what was going to happen. One by one the prisoners were brought up for trial and given the specified number of stripes. Tied hands and feet they were stretched on the ground, and beaten until their backs were bleeding. Finally Woletta Mariam's turn came. She was asked what she believed. She said, "I believe in Christ who was crucified for me." They then asked, "Do you believe in Mary?" She said, "I believe what the Scriptures say about Mary." But the judge said, "Do you believe she can save you?" She said, "No." To this reply the judge replied, I will deal with her as she deserves and as the others have been dealt with so shall she be. Bind her and punish her as the others have been. After this they were all taken back to that filthy den to remain no one knew how long. They were left in prison five months, receiving only the food which their friends brought to them.

In five months these prisoners were released and sent back to Asmara. Woletta was compelled to leave the prison at night. The first three nights she slept out with the cattle. After this she found her way to her oldest son's house. Had he not been at home she would probably have been devoured by the hyenas, but God provided a shelter for her. Her son gave her a mule so that she arrived at her destination.

She was with her friends at Asmara, but she was thinking of her youngest son who was at Addis Ababa. Her husband had been dead for several years.

It is almost two years now since Woletta came to Addis Ababa. One day her son brought her to the hospital suffering with bronchial trouble.

When she was feeling better she read to the patients in the ward. We took her as a Bible woman for the hospital. She has been most faithful in her teaching, as her great desire is that others may know her Saviour. Although not a young woman every morning Woletta walks to the hospital in order to bring the message to the patients. Nothing makes Woletta much more indignant than when the patients cover their heads with their bed clothing and refuse to listen.

May the time soon come when many more will be witnessing to the Light as Woletta Miariam is doing.

Educational--Industrial Sayo

By D. C. Henry, Sayo, Abyssinia.

THIS year is witnessing the beginning of our out-station schools. There are two plans of occupying mission lands; one plan is to have a single missionary located here and there through the territory; while the other is to have well-equipped stations as training centers, and from these, open work in places round about, by the native mission workers.

Sayo proposes to be such a center, and of course, our out-station work had to wait until we had boys trained

for the work. This year two boys who teach in the afternoon school are also teaching in outside places during the mornings. One of these places is several miles away and the teacher starts out on a horse every morning. In Abyssinia during the rainy season it looks like rain or is raining practically every morning. So the teachers are provided with raincoats, and are being taught that their work requires regularity.

These out-station schools are very elementary and always will be. However, boys and some girls are finding education more accessible this way. The boys often cannot come to our school at the station because they have to watch the flocks and herds. Some of the boys in these out-station schools are driving their herds close by and trying to learn and watch at the same time.

The buildings for these schools are native houses with their grass covered walls and roofs, which the people of the community built for the purpose. A few days ago one of the teachers said, "We need a blackboard." I agreed but said that they would have to wait a while until we could get materials to make it. That night he came and said that one of the fathers had promised to go to the forest, fell a tree and make a board. So this man has done his part and provided a single board about as wide as a door, which the carpenters will further smooth up and paint black.

We hope with further years to extend our little schools to parts more distant, but in the beginning we are glad to have them close enough that we can supervise the teaching. One of the sons of the old Galla King wanted us to help with a teacher for a school near his estate but his place is five days journey from Sayo and we thought it wiser to open no school than to send an untrained teacher. That is an unoccupied field for the near future.

This year we also have three of our advanced pupils helping teach the

SAYO BOYS' SCHOOL
In this school, boys are being trained to become teachers in the "Out-station" Schools.

beginners, which is good experience for them. It also gives a practical way for them to begin to help others as the mission has helped them through the past.

We have been encouraged this year with the renewed interest on the part of the leading men of the community and the officials of the government. This in spite of an advance in tuition.

The Boys' Boarding School has about the usual enrollment. We rejoice over the smaller boys who are coming as we feel we have more time to accomplish something with them. When a boy attains the stature of a man it is such a temptation in this country for him to start to accumulate property, looking forward to the time when he shall take a wife. So the work with the older boys is full of discouragements; we lose most of them just after they can read and write. We now have two boys about ten years of age, who are far enough along in school to take English, which means that they can read and write their own Galla language almost perfectly, and have a good reading knowledge of Amhara with some conversational ability in that language.

The boys of the Boarding School are doing many things. Some are farming, some helping in the houses. And in rainy times there is cotton spinning and weaving. Rag rug making has been started on native type looms and is proving successful. The tendency in these Oriental countries, is as a boy acquires education to think manual work beneath him. This country has very few "white collar" jobs at the present time. So we feel that our boys must be taught to make a place for themselves in the productive work of the country.

"Unto the Least of These"

Or, "Lord, when saw we thee sick and ministered to thee"

By Rev. C. F. Kenneweg, Sayo, Abyssinia.

I AM not a doctor. Neither am I a a nurse nor an assistant doctor or nurse. I am a consulting physician. Do not be misled. There are many consulting physicians on the Mission Field. In fact, most missionaries are or think they are (as in my case) advisory doctors. Some of the cases are so extraordinary and our interests are so closely interwoven, that we all feel concerned.

Perhaps it would be better to call me a self-appointed advisory doctor at Sayo. As such I do not have access to Miss McKibben's chart book or log book or whatever it is called in which the nurse keeps the records of the progress and condition of the patients. It would make an interesting record. I will make a guess that part of it runs something like this:

Unnamed Galla. Head split open in a deep jagged wound about six inches long. His "friend" had showed his affection at a dance the previous evening with a spear. Upon gaining consciousness he had

walked home and on the following morning had walked the few miles to the hospital. Miss McKibben probed into the wound through the top of his head until I begged her to stop. Couldn't stand any more. Was afraid that she might punch out one of his upper teeth. Can you tell me how this boy could get better with only two visits to the hospital, one to have the wound dressed and clipped together, and the other to have the clips removed? How certain Irishmen would envy these people their skulls.

"Abba Mistika", Greek, local father of liquor. While fishing in a stream four hours away, with dynamite, he had held the charge a little too long. Hand torn to shreds. After a couple of hours, had made the hard journey to the hospital. Hand dressed by Miss McKibben. Two days later Dr. Dougherty, who had come to Sayo for a visit, patched the hand together. After being dressed twice a day for the last two months it is doing very well.

Unnamed Galla woman. Eyesight almost completely gone. Dressed by the native medical assistant. He demonstrated to me how a doctor, if one were here, could restore her sight with a very simple operation. Of course she is only a native and of course she has a few years in which to see, but the green hills around Sayo are very beautiful. Perhaps she enjoys seeing those hills as much as I. Too bad.

Child with the bad eyes. Better (thousands).

Sores, sores, sores. Treated. Never came back.

Eyes, eyes, eyes. Treated.

Old man with the pneumonia. No friends. Doing very well. He is sorry he continues to grow better. The bed is dry and clean and comfortable.

Amhara, captain of the guard in the village. Shot through the side while trying to save a man who called for help, from attack by men with knives. The usual result of celebrating after Baptism Day at the Abyssinian Church. The attacked man had been stabbed many times. Later recovered. But there was no hope for the defender. Miss McKibben could only ease his pain. She and Mrs. Walker kept watch during the night. No kindness rendered failed to bring a grateful light to his eyes and a smile to lips that were tight with pain. He laid down his life for a man in need. He touched the hearts of those who attended him. He was a gentleman and a Christian. From such comes courage to go on.

And thus the record would run, day after day.

"There are (in 1926) 142 men physicians, 15 women physicians and 282 nurses in connection with missions in Africa. That is to say, that there is one foreign medical worker to 318,906 on a basis of a calculated population of 140,000,000."—*Friends of Africa.*

"The Man Who Gave to the Poor Loaned to God"

By Rev. C. F. Kenneweg, Sayo, Abyssinia.

"THE man who gave to the poor loaned to God." Is this in your Gospel? It is in someone's. "Yes, I can guess your reply, "In the Gospel of some cringing beggar, mouthing it that he may get more alms." The one to whom I refer is no beggar.

In 1923 some missionaries in Addis Ababa received an invitation to attend a banquet at the royal palace. The invitation was on the finest stationery with the coat of arms inlaid in mother-of-pearl. The food proved excellent; the service delightful; the plates were of silver and gold. Finally the host arose and addressed his guests:

"Not alone on my behalf have I invited you to come tonight; it is Ethiopia which in my person presents to you her most profound gratitude. . . . You teach them (Abyssinians) that the cause of the deplorable evils that affect humanity in this world is selfishness. You teach them that what brings honor and greatness to human beings is justice and helping each other. You have taken as the basis of your work the words of the Gospel, 'The man who gave to the poor loaned to God.'"

That is Ras Tafari's idea of your work in Abyssinia. You are loaned to God. At first glance I thought he had quoted the words of the Master, "As ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me". But later I found the verse in Proverbs, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

I believe that, "He that hath pity

SAYO BLIND BIBLE SCHOOL
"Someone has loaned to God" Giddada—our beloved blind evangelist.
Cut furnished from Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund.

upon the poor," is a clear statement of the work of the United Presbyterian Mission. It is not just a giving to the poor. Missionaries very often, must spend dollars to get out of giving cents where they will do harm.

The other day the sound of a crash came to my ears followed by a Galla war-whoop. Men came running from everywhere. It seems that the workmen in repairing the church building had pushed too hard against one of the walls causing its collapse. A youth had been buried under tons of debris. While pandemonium reigned he was finally extracted, almost unharmed.

That incident affords a better picture of our manner of giving. Powerful walls of environment have been crushing down African youth for many centuries. We can only guess at their tremendous weight. We are trying to lighten the press of these unfavorable walls. We hope to build new walls that will permit breath and light—the breath of Life that is Life indeed, the Light that lighteth every man.

Ras Tafari did not finish the verse. There is also the consequence. It is not just, "The man who has pity upon the poor loans to God" but the blessed promise follows, "And that which he hath given will He pay him again." Dividends from God! Who shall measure them?

"Feed My Sheep"

Education—Gorie

By Rev. R. W. Wilson, Gorei, Abyssinia.

THE problem of the school in Gorei has always been how to take care of the physical needs of those who want to take advantage of the school. There is no trouble in filling almost any size school if we are prepared to feed and clothe the pupils. A week never goes by without boys coming and asking for work to pay for their food so that they can go to school. As many of these as possible are taken care of but the number that can be so taken care of is necessarily small. Each year we start out with a goodly number in attendance but as the weeks go by the boys drop out by ones or twos after a final plea that we give them enough work to earn money for food. Hard as it is to say it, we must refuse, and the boys leave us. Already this year thirty-five boys have quit.

This is a situation that should be remedied if at all possible, and seemingly the only way to do this is to provide some means for those who want schooling, to have food, clothes, and shelter. Accordingly we asked the Abyssinian Association for permission to establish a boarding school on the outskirts of Gorei where there would be an opportunity for enough industrial work to support the children, small and large, who want to come to school but must have a means of sustenance with it. The Abyssinian Association gave its as-

sent and the Board has said that we can go on with our school as soon as funds are available. We are praying and hoping that that may be this year.

The new school will be built about half an hour's ride from the present mission buildings, in a very fertile strip of land where there will be plenty of opportunity for growing crops and doing industrial work. Although out of the city it is in a populous community, among people who are very friendly to us. These people do not know Christ, either in name or in fact. It is true that this is nominally a Christian country, but it is also true that a large portion of the people have never even heard the name of Christ.

During the dry season in January, February and March of this year we did evangelistic work among these people. The preaching was all done by native boys who had volunteered and been trained for it. In the three months in six different centers among these people a total of 4500 people gathered to hear the Gospel story. In March the last month there was a daily average of over 400. This is not very many considering the thousands to be ministered to, but we did find a people hungry and thirsty for the Bread and Water of Life. It is among these people that we hope to lay the foundations of a modern educational institution, one that will in an increasing way minister to the needs of these people.

The establishment of this new center will widen the scope of our work here in Gorei very much. The present work will be maintained. The new school will also be used as a church so that the promise for evangelistic work as well as educational work is very bright. The present staff of workers will be able to carry on the work at both places for the present at least, as the two centers are but half an hour's ride apart. This would seem to indicate that one of the centers could handle the work of both, but it could not be done. In the city there is no opportunity for industrial work which is so necessary for a boarding school. Even though the new site is but half an hour out of town yet it is among pagan Gallas who do not know Christ. We are looking forward eagerly and hopefully and prayerfully to the time when we can actually start work on the new plant.

"That these young people (teachers) should have the best of training for this most creative work is of the utmost importance to the future of their country and to the kingdom of God in the world. That they should have adequate oversight is the vital problem of every mission—nothing has been more stressed in recent conferences about Africa. For the village schools are the great dynamic of primitive Africa, they are an attack on old and evil things at their very base."—*Friends of Africa.*

"Some Seeds Fall on Good Ground"

By V. F. Dougherty, M. D., Gorei, Abyssinia.

THE young fellow that came to us with pneumonia and the little boy with whooping cough, the old man whose hernia we cured and the witch doctor whom we relieved of his elephantiasis—what passes in their minds? And how much of the Gospel that we gave to them do they remember? Are they even grateful?

And what of the old woman whose tumor we excised, the girl whose goitre we helped, the slave woman whose gangrenous finger we amputated and the young woman whose sores we healed?

No, they haven't all responded. Neither did all of Paul's hearers accept the Jesus way. But some have seemed to see a light. O, pray for us! that we may not be too impatient for the fruitage. Day by day we sow the seed, among those sick who come to us. Oh, that they might know the sickness of their souls as well as they know the sickness of their bodies—even that little. But their bodies seem all they care for!

But we are only sowing now—sowing in faith—and looking to the Good Father who waters and gives the increase. And some of the seed falls on the pathway, and some among the thorns and some on stony ground. How well we understand that here. Perhaps a little foot path runs through the field, around the edge are thorns and here and there perhaps are large stones with a little earth in a hollow. But some of the seed falls on good ground; yet even then we are impatient, often forgetting that the seed "is not quickened, except it die." When the first leaves, seed leaves as it were, break through the crust of heathenism, we rejoice. Then there seems a period of rest while the roots, which we cannot see, are reaching out. And some plants the devil withers or rots and others he breaks, and the soil is washed from the roots of some by the rivulets formed by the heavy rains of worldly things. And even those that grow seem to grow so slowly. Leaf follows leaf with exasperating reluctance. The main trunk takes a long time to become sturdy enough to stand against the storms, and even then perhaps we may awake some morning to find the most beautiful branch has been broken in the night.

Oh! Pray for us! that we may have patience! that our faith may be increased! that we may show forth the love of God to those about us. That our strength may be sufficient so that we faint not—even though another shall reap what we are sowing. Oh! blessed be the heart that lifts us up to God in Prayer.

"The City Shall be full of Boys and Girls Playing in the Streets Thereof"

By Miss Viola Bayne, R. N., Gorei, Abyssinia.

AS I once thought of the children in this far away land, children without parents, children without clothes or food, children without the greatest of all gifts, the free love of Jesus Christ, I wanted to fly over to them, thousands of them, and share with them God's gift to the children of the world, the gift of "PLAY". Are there not those at home today who wish for the equal privilege that has been mine? Do you not wish that you too, could come over to Gorei and bring with you something of the childhood of your country? But, Dear Reader, stop and think, just what games would you bring with you? What new games does America have to offer to the children of Gorei?

During my first year in Gorei, I received a huge box of jacks and marbles and balls. "Oh how lovely these will be for the kindergarten classes", thought I, and they were. But for many years the children here had been playing jacks. Do you remember when you used to pick up stones and pretend to play jacks, when you really had no jacks or ball? You were playing a Gorei game.

Where is the boy without a top? Gorei boys have tops. Not made of wood, but made from a gourd. The gourd is hollowed out and a small peg placed in the neck of the gourd. With the help of a little bees-wax the peg stays in place. A piece of native made twine makes a good string, and the top spins and sings and makes the children just as happy as a bright red top.

One day, I was making a pin-wheel, when one child said to me, "in our country we just make two holes in the top of the long stick, and after putting a string through these holes we tie on two pieces of thin wood. Then we go to the corner of the house and the wind plays music on those sticks."

While visiting in a home, I was invited by a proud father, to peep into a little grass house. As I crawled under the grass, I learned that this was a wee play house, and the little girl inside was the mother of this house. She had made a small water-pot and was busy making some corn bread (of mud). Near her, was a wee brother. He was astride a stick and announced that he was just ready to go for a ride on his mule. Outside of this playhouse I found a hoop and a stick. The little shepherd boy rolled that hoop down the road then stopped it by throwing the stick through it. If he could hit the mark successfully, he was considered a brave boy, for some day he would spear a running animal.

In the market place the boys were playing leap frog, and jumping over high sticks and two boys were walking on stilts. I stopped to talk with a Junior and offered him a new game. I said, "In my country the children catch hold of each others wrists like this, and make a chair, then they carry one boy or girl as far away as they can carry him and throw him

off." "Oh", said the boy, we know that game too."

I have seen boys shooting little stones from the end of a sling, and girls trying to whistle through blades of green grass. I have watched the children play "blind man buff" and turning their blindfolded mate around so many times and making her so dizzy she could hardly stand up.

In one game, one child says, "Tell me what you eat." Another child at once begins to name all the animals both wild and tame, but before each animal named, the child who is questioning simply says, "what, what, what". Very suddenly the leader rings in the entire sentence, "What do you eat"? Now if the last named animal happens to be pig, or mule or cat or any animal not eaten by the people here, there is a great outburst of laughter.

We could go on and on reviewing games, both in gestures and song, but who is the teacher of these universal games and this universal play? Surely "Play" is the program of God for His children. But as we play, may we learn to know the giver of this gift to the world.

MISS VIOLA BAYNE, R. N.
Gorei, Abyssinia.

"MAY DAY IN GOREI"

By Miss Viola Bayne, R. N.,
Gorei, Abyssinia.

The children had gathered for school. After the Bible lesson, the very important announcement was made, that, "Today is May Day". It was indeed a very new announcement, for what do Abyssinian children know about "May Day" or "Arbor Day" or any other day that has anything to do with adding cheer or beauty to their home and country? Many of the mountain slopes have been robbed of their forests, and who appreciates the value of young trees?

After the announcement was explained, the children were divided into five groups. Every child was to go with his leader to the forest, and bring home at least two trees. The children were to plant their trees in their own chosen plots, but to protect the trees they planted, until, at the end of the rains a prize will be given for the best kept tree.

The day was unusually pretty and the children quite hilarious as they started out over the Mission compounds in search of picks and hoes. Then the little groups were seen going out over the hills. It was a very happy morning indeed, and about noon the last group returned to the school yard, each child carrying at least six trees.

One tree after another was dropped by little hands in holes in the school yard, and many trees were carried to home compounds.

The noon bell tapped, and a noise of thunder was heard from the skies. God sent rain on all those little trees and May Day ended; but a little bud of life sprouted in the heart of each child.

Foreign Correspondence

ABYSSINIA

Mrs. Fred L. Russell, Editor, Addis Ababa

ELIZABETH McKIBBEN

VISITING THE WITCH DOCTOR

By Miss Elizabeth McKibben, Sayo, Abyssinia

Riding or walking is about the only out door sport we indulge in in Sayo. And so one day we decided to take our exercise in the form of a call upon the witch doctor on a day when people gathered to receive help from him. About eleven o'clock our boys told us it was time to start as they heard the drums calling the people together. These drums are crude affairs shaped from a tree trunk, the end covered with skin. They are pounded with the palm of the hand. After about and hour's ride into the valley, we arrived at a group of tukls. In the first of these were the sick and the blind and the lame. But we had seen just such groups of people many times on our own Mission Hill, and being curious Americans, we wanted to investigate further. We offered to take a picture of the Witch Doctor if he would let us visit him. After waiting some time, a servant brought us the word that the Witch Doctor had given his permission and would be delighted to be photographed. We were taken into the tukl where the doctor lay on his dirty bed, and found him just enough under the influence of native wine to be talkative and funny. We were greeted in the usual way, our health being asked about many times, and "how do you like our country!"

When we again asked about taking his picture, he seemed pleased and asked us to go outside the tukl, while he prepared himself. It took perhaps twenty minutes for him to array himself in his fine clothes and when the picture had been snapped he asked for a copy of it immediately. It seemed curious to him that he should have to wait for the picture.

We asked to see the doctor at work and were taken to still another hut and given native three legged wooden stools to sit on. It is quite a trick to balance one's self on a stool like this and it is necessary to locate exactly the position of each leg so as not to lean too heavily in a direction where there is no leg. Missionaries have been known to find themselves ungracefully landed on the floor when they made a quick turn or when they perchance interested themselves in something overhead and forgot to keep their balance.

The Witch Doctor went behind a curtain and as soon as we were seated, three drummers came in and began to call the spirits. Directly in front of the drummers three women danced —danced I say for want of a better word. They writhed and turned and twisted and knelt in various attitudes, throwing first one shoulder and then the other out of joint to the rythm of the drums. Men entered the dance, alternating with the women. While this was going on, the sick were bringing their offerings of eggs, chickens, goats, grass, butter, spices,

and various other products of the country.

It was drawing near the time for us to start home. Still we saw no signs of treatment by the doctor. He remained back of the curtain apparently oblivious of his patients. No doubt when the last dollar had been paid and the last egg collected he would find it convenient to come forth and begin his ministry to the sick.

We have had many opportunities of seeing the results of the work of a Witch Doctor. Such examples as broken jaws, disabled arms, and women whose health is permanently ruined by his mistreatment. One of the difficulties we have to face at the clinic is having the patients pay a little for their medicine. They make the excuse that they are poor and have no friends. Inquiry reveals that they would not think of lying to the Witch Doctor for he is their God and would know if they were lying. Today the doctor operated upon a man for elephantiasis and he admitted that he had gone to the Witch Doctor first, but when asked to pay five dollars for his operation he came to the Mission in the hopes of getting it cheaper. He was charged three dollars here, and is assured of relief with the aid of anaesthetic. These and many other problems of medical missions need your prayers.

EGYPT

Minnehaha Finney, Editor, Tanta, Egypt

JULY FOURTH—1928

By Ethel Craig Pollock, Mansura, Egypt

Fourth of July! and some thousands of miles from the Home Land. But distance does not hinder full fledged Americans from having a celebration. The little folks out here at Sidi Bishr (our summer rest camp) were out good and early, for wasn't this the day of the picnic! Yes, and Old Glory was flying from a goodly number of the mat houses, and how beautiful she looked! Only a few toy pistols with caps and a few flares made up the fire works; since so few of the smaller children have seen any Fourth of July display they were contented. But the Committee did make up to them in the good time all had in the afternoon.

The races started at four in the afternoon and all ages were included. Mothers and daughters were pitted against each other as they peeled potatoes. Then some of the fathers turned themselves into camels and in the camel race were ridden by their sons. That proved to be great sport for the juvenile riders but a bit hard on the decrepit steeds. You would have enjoyed watching the little folks under six years as they dug in the sand for hidden treasure, which proved to be small toys.

We have a nice group of the older boys here this summer and they entertained us with a polo game. They dashed into the open space before the crowd each riding a donkey and carrying a long stick. There were three on a side and it was most amusing to see the *skill* displayed in following the ball with such steeds and in missing the ball with the sticks. In their attempts to keep the ball in motion some of the donkies were the innocent victims of the blows aimed at the ball—which was an indoor base ball. It takes a good bit of prodding to get a donkey to move and then when he has finally gotten into action the rider usually finds that the ball has been bumped out of position and is now behind him. Well, the riders had hard work but it was a lot of fun for the spectators. A tug of war between the little fellows and the three big fellows re-

sulted in a win for the youngsters—to the chagrin of the conquered. But no alibis were needed.

Six of the older girls appeared before the folks in various costumes representing history, politics, and society. Betsy Ross, sewing on the flag was given a prize in this group. The prize was provided by the new American Minister to Egypt and presented by Mrs. Judge Henry, whose husband is an American Judge in the Mixed Courts. There were other prizes given to the successful in the contests previously mentioned.

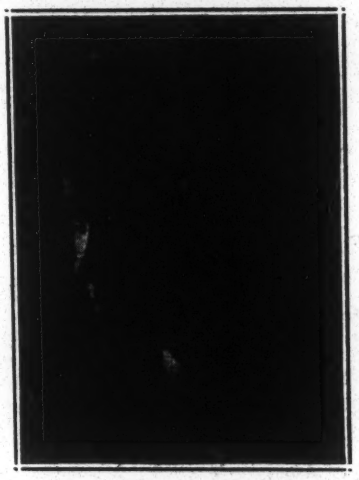
A little kindergarten which is conducted by some of the older children for the little ones, sang one of their songs. The principal of this American institution, Neal McClanahan Jr. gave a statement of the work and aims of this new department. It was well in keeping with the conservative policy of our Mission—thereby proving that Youth is not all wrong.

There was music by a mixed quartet and then group singing followed. As speaker of the Day we had the pleasure of hearing and meeting the new American Minister to Egypt, Mr. Gunther. After singing our National Anthem and being led in Prayer by Dr. Scott Thompson we divided up into groups for the picnic supper. Not only the children but all enjoyed the sandwiches and beans, ice cream and cake. One could not help but have an appetite out in the open with cool sea breezes blowing.

Then with Mr. Gillespie as song leader the crowd joined in a sing. Some of us who had little folks to put to bed were in our mat houses but could hear the singing plainly. And as a lump will come into your throat when you are saying farewell to the Homeland and starting for your field of service, so that same lump will rise when you hear a group of Americans at twilight singing the old favorite songs. How we did enjoy the afternoon and evening together! It strengthened the tie to the Homeland and we look forward to our next Fourth, here on the sands of dear old Sidi Bishr.

CAIRO GIRLS' COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT

By Miss Evelyn McFarland, Cairo, Egypt.



Miss Evelyn McFarland
Cairo, Egypt.

Much to the satisfaction of all interested, the 25th of May, 1928 was moderately cool and no sandstorm threatened. A tent of heavy canvas, covered inside with gaily colored applique was in place on the east side of the building and was filled with sixteen hundred chairs. The ground under the tent and the garden paths were sanded. The decorating committee had made the platform a beautiful setting for "The sweet girl graduates" who would come dressed in white. There was a background of palms and along the front of the platform was a bank of palms and ferns with bouquets of pink and white carnations, the class flower. At the gate stood four Egyptian policemen and two mounted to admit the guests by the cards of invitation which each presented.

At four thirty, the tent was filled to capacity with relatives and friends. Seated on the platform in addition to those having a part in the program, were H. E. the Minister of Agriculture, the Speaker of the lower House

of Parliament and his wife, and the Mayor of Cairo.

The program opened with the graduates' processional accompanied on the piano by Shubert's "Heroic March" played by one of the Freshmen. Rev. Ibrahim Saeed of the Seminary staff led in the invocation. The chorus class, which included the graduates, sang several selections among them "Lullaby of an Infant Chief" by Sullivan, and "Maidenhood" by Marshall with violin obligato by Miss Estvad. One of the seniors gave a piano solo—"Ballad in C minor" by Signe Lunde, and a group of four gave as a piano quartette the overture to "Egmont" by Beethoven.

six seniors who had completed the course covering thirteen years of work, and the certificates to the eleven Freshmen who completed the eleventh year of their school work. Two little girls in pink gave each graduate a bouquet of flowers after receiving the diploma.

Four prizes were distributed to members of the Senior Class by Mrs. L. M. Henry—the Dr. Andrew Watson prizes to the two highest in scholarship during the three college years, also a gold star brooch for one year of regular attendance and good conduct, and a medal for three years.

The program went forward under the able chairmanship of Mr. C. S.

CAIRO GIRLS' COLLEGE

One of the speakers was Hafez Bey Ibrahim, a popular poet of Cairo, who had a composition for this occasion. He was cheered heartily by the audience. An hour before he was on the platform, newsboys were selling the *Mokattam* containing his picture and the poem. The address of the day was given by Antoun Bey Gamayel, a journalist. In clear tones and beautiful language he gave expression to splendid thoughts, appropriate not only to this commencement day, but also to the new day dawning for Egypt's womanhood. He spoke with appreciation of the work of the College.

Mr. Winship, American Charge-d'Affaires, with a few well chosen words presented the diplomas to the Bell of Tanta. It lasted a little over an hour and the audience was appreciative throughout. It closed with the College Song by the Chorus Class and the Royal March. Then the happy graduates were received with congratulations and gifts by their friends.

So again the College has given to Egypt a group of young women who have been taking of the best that America is providing here in education—physical, mental, and spiritual. We ask you to join with us as our hopes center prayerfully about these girls, that they may play their parts steadily and effectually in spreading the knowledge of the Saviour who, with your help, has made this school possible.

INDIA

Mrs. J. H. Stewart, Pathankot, India, Editor.

LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE SHEIKHAPURA CHURCH

By Rev. W. H. Ross

Excavation for the foundation of the Church began June 6. On June 21, the Deputy Commissioner laid the corner stone, in the presence of a hundred Christians and two hundred and fifty non-Christians. Tables, chairs, benches, durries, matting and an open tent added to the dignity of the occasion. Rev. Chuni Lal, the pastor, opened the ceremony with a devotional service and called upon Rev. S. C. Picken to preside, which the latter did in a manner befitting the occasion. A brief historical and financial statement of the congregation and building campaign and fund was made by the chairman and treasurer of the building Committee. It was stated that two rupees less than three thousand three hundred had been raised by the congregation and three thousand donated by the Synod. Some readers will know that the Congregation is to raise five thousand rupees and Synod is to give an equal amount for the building.

The principal address of the day was made by Rev. Buta Mull, of Gujranwala, in his characteristic, effective style. After the placing of the stone in position by the Deputy Commissioner, and the cheering which followed, various papers, etc. were placed in the stone by individuals as a matter of record. A copy of the first number of Synod's monthly paper, the *Al Shadid*, which contained a historical statement of Sheikhapura Congregation since the time active work was commenced by the Mission years ago, a Bible, a dozen or more papers containing information regarding various organizations of the congregation; others containing matters of interest regarding the U. P. Church in the Punjab, civil officers of the British Empire, were placed in the stone.

Following an offering for the building fund, the Chairman turned the meeting over to the pastor, who made a few fitting remarks and called on the congregation to sing a Psalm of praise. After the benediction, sweetmeats were distributed during the social time, thus bringing to a close a most important event in the life of our new congregation.

At this writing, July 2, the congregation has raised rupees 3438, (about 1146 dollars). Additional pledges made and money not pledged is continuing to come into the hands of the Treasurer. Receipts are given for all contributions, large or small.

NEWS NOTES FROM OUR WORKERS

Miss McCahon writes: "If I am spared till tomorrow, June 9th, I will complete my 78th year. I wish here to record my gratitude to God for His loving kindness bestowed upon me all these years and also my grateful thanks to my fellow-missionaries for their love and fellowship during the fifty-seven and a half years that I have belonged to the Mission."

Seventy-eight years! Fifty-seven and a half years of faithful service in India! Isn't this a record? And Miss McCahon is still serving in India. May she have the great joy of seeing the fruit of her labors even while she remains with us, and while we have the privilege of enjoying her love and fellowship!

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, says: "Last week, about five hundred Christians gathered together on Dr. Gordon's Compound for the Summer Mela. Padri Wazir Chand, of Lyallpur, was with us and gave a fine address on Tithing. Our people are making good progress along that line.

The Christian boys of the Dhariwal

School entertained us with a display of some fine drills."

Miss Katherine Beattie writes from Sangla Hill: "We had a good Summer School. The District Workers and those in charge were most happy to have Miss Hill back in her old district. She not only taught one of the women's classes but gave a very helpful and practical talk to the whole school one afternoon. We were also very thankful for Dr. McConnellee's addresses. I have found results in at least one village, which I visited five weeks later.

"Five of the older girls of the village had learned all but the last lesson of the second year of the Elder's Course. Aside from answering the questions they could tell all the stories suggested at the end of each lesson, and were half way through one of the larger-sized Primers.

"The Worker's wife said it started this way: as she was urged to do in Summer School, she went home and tried to teach the women to pray. These girls, after learning to pray, made the request themselves that after learning to know God in prayer, they might learn to read His Word. The older women have not made much progress, but these girls are teaching them in their homes.

"Aside from the regular teachers and pastors, who attended the Summer School, one Sikh and one Mohammedan inquirer attended many of the sessions.

"The Girls' Boarding School is more than full. There are 175 girls in as boarders and some have had to be refused admittance this spring."

From Sargodha, Miss Ward tells about their Presbyterial Meeting. She says, "The big event for the Sargodha women has come and gone and we are living in the happy memories of it now. We expected it to be hot when we had to set the date for the Presbyterial in June, but nevertheless, we prayed that it might be a cool day. Just as we were ready to start out to Chak 80, where the meeting was to be held, on the evening of the 5th, a big dust storm blew up and by the time we reached the village, it was raining. That night was a wonderful night for sleep and the next day, though it was warm, none were uncomfortable, and for both the morning and afternoon meetings, we sat in the church crowded with women.

"We registered about 140 women and there were some who did not register. Miss Spencer gave a holiday in the school for the day, instead of the King's birthday, and let the children who live in Chak 80 attend the meetings. They added much interest with their songs and recitations.

"Mrs. Samuel was our principal speaker and brought two very helpful Bible messages to the women. At the last meeting, Wednesday evening, all the men from the village and a number from the city gathered with the women to hear her tell of her experiences while in America.

"It has been our custom to have the women who attend the Presbyterial provide their own food or buy it. But this year, Padri and Mrs. Labhu Mall and the village people simply would not have it so. They said, 'You take up an offering instead and send it to Padri Yusaf (in the Home Mission field) for the new church at Mianwali.' So they fed the delegates and visitors and we took up an offering which amounted to Rs. 18, for that new church in Mianwali.

"Mrs. Samuel stayed in Sargodha for some meetings for the women of the city. These too started with a dust storm, just as a large crowd had come from the city, and we were ready to begin. Although it got so dark that we could not see, the women sat still and when it had quieted down a bit, Mrs. Samuel began to speak. Then it began to rain and we had to adjourn to the house. On Sabbath, without any objections from anywhere, Mrs. Samuel took the morning Church service.

Editorial

MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, Editor, 657 South Detroit St., Xenia, Ohio.

ONE THING NEEDFUL

Dear Women of the United Presbyterian Church:

November 6th is a crucial day in the history of our beloved land. It is a day when a paramount moral issue is to be decided. The eyes of the world are upon us and the nations are watching anxiously to see the outcome of the election of 1928.

As I think of this day with its mighty responsibility for the women voters, I feel that I want to say a final word to the readers of *The Womens Missionary Magazine.*

It is not necessary to urge you to become total abstainers. We have not the least doubt in the world about the women of our church—they are all temperance women, they all stand for the Eighteenth Amendment.

It is not necessary to talk about the evils of the liquor traffic, of the glittering saloons and low dives with their train of corruption. Our fathers and mothers taught us of these in our childhood.

It is not necessary to emphasize the value of our Prohibitory law. Every intelligent person knows that it has brought immeasurable benefits to the workingman, to the family, to the school, to business and to society.

It is not necessary to answer the argument that "Prohibition does not prohibit." The law has often been violated, as have all other laws but on the whole the statement is a fallacy. I can give a personal testimony. My father and mother moved to Kansas years ago, chiefly because Kansas had a prohibitory law. I grew up under that law and *I never saw a saloon, and I never saw a drunk man until I was a woman* and traveled beyond the borders of Kansas. Another testimony comes from Xenia. A woman in Xenia who recently made a tour of the world, in a public address was speaking of the attitude of other nations on this question. Referring to our own city she said that she remembered the former days how men used to lie around the public square sleeping in drunken stupor and how every week there were frequent arrests for drunkenness. Comparing those times with today she called attention to the recent "Home Coming." There were several thousand people gathered together to witness games, parades, aeroplane maneuvers and to visit, feast and play together for four consecutive days and yet not a single arrest was made, during that time, for any misdemeanor!

It seems hardly necessary to say more about Governor Alfred Smith who aspires to the Presidency of the United States. You know that Governor Smith in opposition to his party platform has said repeatedly that he is opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment. But just to remind you

of his record, we quote the following from a Statement by the Anti Saloon League:

SMITH'S RECORD ON PROHIBITION

"As a member of the New York Legislature Alfred E. Smith was aggressively active in behalf of the liquor traffic. He voted against bills to grant local option to cities, city sub-divisions and counties. *He voted against a bill for a state-wide referendum on Prohibition.* He voted against the bill to restrict the infamous 'Raines Law' hotels.

He voted to force hotel bars into over three hundred dry towns; a bill to make it harder to convict New York City liquor dealers for violating the law; a bill for opening prohibited areas to the sale of liquor; a bill to remove zone provisions protecting churches and schools from saloons.

As speaker, Smith helped secure passage of a bill increasing hours of sale of liquor and a bill permitting saloons within two hundred feet of private schools if the private schools consented.

As Governor of New York in 1919 Smith, who opposed the prohibition referendum four years before, demanded that the legislature delay ratification of the eighteenth amendment until after a referendum could be held. As Governor in 1920 he demanded that ratification by the New York legislature be rescinded. He openly supported and signed the beer bill passed by the legislature. As Governor in 1923 he fought for the repeal of the state enforcement law, coerced the dry Democratic senator who cast the single deciding vote for repeal, as leader of his party delivered sixty-seven of the seventy-six assembly votes in favor of repeal, and signed the bill which practically destroyed the prohibition enforcement power of 33,000 state and local officials.

When he was asked just before the convention assembled at Houston whether he had changed his mind about Prohibition and the liquor question, Governor Smith said, *'I have not.'* "

What a calamity it would be if this man, who stands against the highest interests of the American home and deliberately declares his intention of doing all he can to nullify the Constitution, should be elected President!

Do we want a Wet President? No! 90,000 United Presbyterian women answer "No"!

BUT ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.
OUR VOICES ARE OF NO AVAIL UNLESS WE EXPRESS THEM AT THE BALLOT BOX!

Then on November 6th, for the sake of our homes, our children and our schools; for the preservation of our Constitution, for the honor of our nation, let 90,000 United Presbyterian women join the forces of righteousness in the march to victory.

"Since God is God and right is right,
The truth forever shall prevail,
With Christ our leader we shall fight
With all our might, we shall not fail."

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

By Mrs. Harriet S. Boobyer, Secretary of Temperance and Reform Department, 1470 Alabama Avenue, South Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

It will be only a short time now until the Presidential Election, November 6th.

What eleventh hour message can be given, what words should be written at this time when a mighty issue hangs in the balance waiting for a decision by ballot? Surely the message is—that every ballot for the preservation of that issue *must be cast.*

Women are playing a larger part in this election, and we are more thoroughly aroused than at any other time since suffrage was granted. Is this not the reason—women have so much to lose if Prohibition is tampered with.

Women suffered, physically, mentally, and spiritually, under the saloon, and they dread to the depths of their souls to see the specter of it looming threateningly on the political horizon.

The unseen presence of the countless thousands of women, long since gone to their reward, who labored year after year against the heaviest odds to break the power of the saloon, pleads with us to prevent its return. That "cloud of witnesses" calls upon us to protect that which cost them so much.

We *must* ballot, not for our land alone, dear though it is; not for our children alone, precious though they are, but we must ballot for the good of humanity in the whole world. Other nations are looking on and "shall take the outcome of this election as the final word from America on Prohibition."

Dear women, this *is* a serious hour. It is a solemn thought that upon us rests great responsibility. It would be pitiable if anyone should be indifferent, or shirked, or withheld her vote. Let us be much in prayer these last days, that through the acts of men the mighty power of God may be felt in this election.

"What do we need to keep the Nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the state?
We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone *and vote with God.*"

—Edwin Markham.

* * *

ATTENTION PRESIDENTS OF SOCIETIES

From time to time we send out sample copies of *The Womens Missionary Magazine* to presidents of societies.

We ask that these Magazines may be given to women who are not subscribers and that an effort be made to secure new subscriptions.

Please see that subscriptions are renewed promptly.

PROGRAM FOR WOMEN'S AND YOUNG WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES, 1929

Friends of Africa.

What Next in Home Missions.

The Work of the Women's General Missionary Society.

JANUARY

FRIENDS OF AFRICA

Devotional Service. Scripture 1 Cor. 16:-9; Ps. 68:31-35.

Chapter I.—The New Fact of Africa.

1. Opening the Door to a New Africa.
2. Friends who have entered the open Door.
3. Monologue—Eighty Years Ago and Now.
4. "Side Lights" from our Mission Fields.

WHAT NEXT IN HOME MISSIONS

Devotional Service. Scripture Deut. 6:10-25.

Chapter I.—Looking Two Ways.

1. Foreword.
2. Early Home Missions.
3. Expansion.
4. Extension.

FEBRUARY

FRIENDS OF AFRICA

Devotional Service. Scripture Isa. 18; Gal. 5:1,13.

Chapter II.—A Human Problem.

1. Primitive Life and the Twentieth Century.
2. The Women of Africa.
3. "School Days."
4. "Side Lights" from our Mission Fields.

WHAT NEXT IN HOME MISSIONS

Devotional Service. Scripture Brotherhood 1 Cor. 12:12-21,26,27.

Chapter II.—Learning to Live Together.

1. Everybody's Question.
2. Hospitality Altered.
3. Recent Migrations.
4. Approaches.

MARCH

FRIENDS OF AFRICA

Devotional Service. Mark 1:29-34; Matt. 25:36-46.

Chapter III.—The Friend as Doctor.

1. Why Africa is called "A Sick Continent".
2. The Results of Education.
3. "Tobias"—Impromptu Dramatization.
4. "Side Lights" from our Mission Fields.

WHAT NEXT IN HOME MISSIONS

Devotional Service. Scripture, Blessing the Land, Joel 2:21-29.

Chapter III.—Outlook for the Church in Town and County.

1. The Rural Church—How Faring?
2. A Way of Life as Well as a Way of Living.
3. New Leadership.
4. Cooperative Work.

APRIL

FRIENDS OF AFRICA

Devotional Service. Scripture Lu. 11:5-10; Jer. 15:16; Acts 8:26-39.

Chapter IV.—The Friend as Teacher.

1. Education, the Bridge between the Old and New.
2. Types of Education for Women.
3. "Yelinda's Demands"—Demonstration.
4. "Side Lights" from our Mission Fields.

WHAT NEXT IN HOME MISSIONS

Devotional Service. Scripture Rev. 21:1,2,-16-27.

Chapter IV.—The Dominance of the City.

1. The City—Let's Go.
2. The Urban Church—How Faring?
3. Problems.
4. Responsibilities.

MAY

FRIENDS OF AFRICA

Devotional Service. Scripture Lu. 10:27-37.

Chapter V.—Friends in Exile.

1. The World Problem of Race Contact.
2. Black and White to the Rescue.
3. Palaver.
4. "Side Lights" from our Mission Fields.

WHAT NEXT IN HOME MISSIONS

Devotional Service. Wisdom in Society, James 3:13-18.

Chapter V.—Undergirding Democracy.

1. Dirk Law and the Pima Indians.
2. Restatement of Home Missions—Negroes.
3. Mountaineers.
4. Mexicans and Others.

JUNE

FRIENDS OF AFRICA

Devotional Service. Scripture Isa. 55:5-7; Acts 2:21; Isa. 60:1-5.

Chapter VI.—Friends Henceforth.

1. Christianity's Call.
2. Africa's Response.
3. "Drum Calls."
4. "Side Lights" from our Mission Fields.

WHAT NEXT IN HOME MISSIONS

Devotional Service. Scripture, Testimony of the Thessalonians, 1 Thess. 5:1-23.

Chapter VI.—A New Crusade.

1. Social Ills.
2. A New Crusade.
3. The Mission of the Church.
4. A New Commitment.

JULY

HOME MISSIONS

Devotional Service. Scripture Col. 3:12-17.

The Contribution of the New American to Our National Life.

1. In Literature.
2. In Music.
3. In Social Service.
4. In Religion.

AUGUST

THE ANNUAL REPORT

Devotional Service. Scripture Ps. 103.

Looking Backward and Forward.

1. Echoes from the W. G. M. S. Convention.
2. "The Report in the July **Womens Missionary Magazine** that impressed me most."
3. Plans for the Year.
4. Current Events from Home and Foreign Fields.

SEPTEMBER

THE NEGRO

Devotional Service. Scripture Mark 9:33-37.

The Negro Mind Revealed in His Literature.

1. In Poetry and Fiction.
2. In History and Biography.
3. In Discussion of Religious Themes.
4. In Discussion of Race Relations.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN

Devotional Service. 1 John 4:7-21.

The Indian a National Asset.

1. The Contribution of the "First Americans" to our National Life.
2. The Indian Church in Various Places.
3. Work of Indian Evangelists.
4. In the Oregon Country.

OCTOBER

THE JUNIORS

Devotional Service. Scripture Isa. 54:11-14.

"All Thy Children Shall be Taught of Jehovah".

1. The History of the Junior Work of the United Presbyterian Church.
2. The Place of the Junior Society in the Life of the Church Today.
3. The Junior Leader.
4. Juniors at Home and Abroad.

NOVEMBER

EGYPT

Devotional Service. Scripture Ps. 127:1: Ps. 126:6.

Egypt—Ancient and Modern.

1. Ancient Egypt—The Glory of the Past.
2. A New Era of Progress—An Historical Sketch.
3. Modern Egypt—Advancement in Material Things.
4. Modern Egypt—Advancement along Intellectual and Spiritual Lines.

DECEMBER

INDIA

Devotional Service. Scripture Proverbs 3:-13-18; Matt. 28:19,20.

Education in the Punjab.

Topics to be supplied.

DEPUTATIONAL WORK IN 1928

The Three-fold Purpose of the Deputational Work as announced by Dr. Taylor is: Information, Prayer, Inspiration.

The Plan: For Sabbaths, Missionaries speak in churches.

For Week-days—Conduct Schools of Missions for two or three days. This latter plan is a new departure. If there is hearty cooperation in each congregation, it cannot fail to be of immense value. Missionary Education is fundamental in the whole plan of missionary work.—Editor.

MRS JOSEPH CLOKEY.

To Mrs. Clokey was given the inspiration of The Thank-Offering.

Thank-Offering Department.

EDITED BY MRS. MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.
Thank-Offering Secretary
905 Publication Building 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE THANK-OFFERING

At this season of the year we all are thinking of the coming Ingathering. We shake our Thank-Offering boxes and wonder how much is within. We plan how we can do without something in order to increase our Thank-Offering.

We have been doing this year after year. Are we giving because it has become a habit or are we giving as a real expression of our gratitude to God?

Gratitude is the fairest flower that blooms in the human heart.

Many of us have become members of the missionary societies since the early years of the Thank-Offering work.

Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter who was Thank-Offering Secretary for a number of years, loved to tell of the first Thank-Offering and of the women who had a part in the first service and in the plans to continue the custom of giving this love offering each year.

These were always dear memories to her because she linked her mother Mrs. Eliza Clokey with the beginnings.

In 1887 the United Presbyterian Church was suffering greatly for money to carry on the Mission work undertaken by the different Boards. Many appeals were sent out to the church. All saying "Retrenchment, retrenchment, unless the needed funds come."

Many prayers had ascended to heaven for help in the time of dire need. Many plans were suggested, but the plan which gave the first impetus to the present Thank-Offering movement came from Mrs. Clokey, of Springfield, Ohio. She was the wife of Rev. Joseph Clokey, D. D., who was pastor of Springfield from March 8, 1855 to April 10, 1875 when he retired from the active ministry, but continued to live in Springfield until his death December 8, 1884.

Mrs. Clokey, an aged mother, unable to perform the usual duties of the home, spent much time in prayer and planning for the extension of His kingdom. God honored her devotion by giving her the plan of the Thank-Offering. Her plan was to have an appeal issued from the Women's Board asking the members of the Women's Missionary Societies, then numbering 16,000 to give one dollar each, over and above her usual contributions to her society as a Thank-Offering to God.

This plan appeared in the March 1888 number of the *Womens Missionary Magazine.* The following is a part of that appeal: "The sum asked for is $16,000 and can be fully raised if the members of the societies will but average one dollar each. Let the days and hours between this and the 14th day of April, the day set for the 'feast of ingatherings' be spent in prayer to God to direct us what He would have us each one to do. Let our gifts first indicate that we seek first the kingdom of God, and if given with hearts full of love and accompanied with prayer who can estimate the blessed results? Let this be a testing time by the women of our church, and see if the Lord will not pour out abundant blessings, not only on our annual Missionary meeting, upon each donor, (be her gift large or small), upon the gifts as they are given into the Lord's treasury, but upon our Church at large. Let these 'praise meetings' be universal and of fuller consecration to the Lord's work and they will influence for good the

whole future of our societies, besides bringing honor to His name whom we serve.''

The societies over the Church held their first Thank-Offering service and the money was sent to their presbyterial delegates, to be presented at the first Thank-Offering service of the Women's General Missionary Society at Washington, Pa., May 9, 1888.

This first offering was given by one hundred and forty-three societies and amounted to $5,919.20. One thousand of this first Thank-Offering was given by Mrs. Clokey in memory of her husband.

From the first Thank-Offering given in 1888 to the present time. God has manifestly set His seal of approval upon this form of gift worship. So carefully has He guarded it about, that it has in no way interfered with the giving to the Lord's cause through other departments of the Church's work. It indicates that the giving of gifts of gratitude through the Thank-Offering boxes has been used of God as an incentive to a more regular, systematic and liberal giving. Like a powerful magnet, the movement has drawn to itself the very best that is in the nature of the givers, and has brought them into such close touch with their God that they praise Him for all that comes into their daily lives.

Through the forty years of this department, God has blessed the work and all rejoice in the great privilege we have of expressing our gratitude.

"Only the grateful Christian can rightly sing the songs of praise and thanksgiving. Only he can realize that love to God which enables him to see in every human being a brother, and every blessing a gift from God."

WHY JUNIORS SHOULD GIVE A THANK-OFFERING

By Mrs. I. H. Milliken.

We teach our children from early infancy to be thankful to parents and guardians for the good things they provide: for home, food, clothes, school and "good times", and to show their appreciation by obedience, as well as by words of gratitude.

Children in America, especially those living in Christian homes, enjoy unusual privileges and blessings. God placed them in these surroundings and we teach them that they should be grateful to Him for all of them. All these gifts and many others come from God, but the greatest gift that God has given us is His Son, Jesus Christ, who loves little children and who died that "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have Eternal Life."

Jesus said, "If ye love me keep my commandments," and one of His great commandments is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." We cannot all go to the countries where the boys and girls and men and women have not heard of Him, but we can give money to help send missionaries so that all may know and come to love Jesus.

Our Thank-Offering is one way of showing that we love Jesus; not merely by saying so but by doing something that He asked us to do. We should want to help other people anyway, especially when they cannot help themselves and the poor people in other lands need to know about Jesus and it is our great privilege to help them to learn to know and love Him. Then, too, God has so made us that we are never so happy as when we have given something, and something valuable to us too, to some one who is in need, and our giving as much as we can to our Thank-Offering, makes us happier than we could be if we had kept everything for ourselves.

May all our boys and girls learn to give a generous Thank-Offering while they are Juniors for it is good to give a Thank-Offering because we have so much to be thankful for and because God asks us to do it, and like everything else He asks us to do, it is good for us in every way.

Young Women's Department.

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,
1503 Dormont Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MOTTO FOR 1927—1928:—"WE WILL PASS."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK FOR 1926—1927

Support of Girls' Boarding School, Pasrur, India, $4,350. Salaries—Home:—Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Kentucky; Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, North Carolina, Miss Eva Johnson-Adams; City Missionary at Spokane, Washington, Miss Laura Sawhill, $2,680; Foreign—Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, Gorei, Abyssinia; (new) Miss Mary Coie, Wadi Halfa, Sudan, $800 each or $1,600. Total Askings, $8,630 or $300 more than received in 1925—1926.

WHAT IS THE STATUS OF YOUR SOCIETY AT THIS WRITING?

Have you checked up yet as to your gain thus far in the Standard of Efficiency? It is well to begin promptly to qualify. Win a point each month or at that rate.

Then are you as a presbyterial seeking to win the ten points which if gained will earn you a pennant? To wait until next March will mean failure for you. There is no time so good as the present to do good and win success.

How about the Y. W. Special fund? Well to agitate early that your society may do its share. At the first of September a little short of five hundred dollars was in the hands of the General Treasurer. Send your quota in when ever it is ready. It may be able to earn some interest if in the treasurer's hands.

Do your members understand what is meant by the Seven Departments? How about the W. G. M. S. Expense fund? And are you wide awake on the Thank-Offering? It will not be long until your report of it should be made to the presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretary. Will you not determine to make this, our anniversary year, and the beginning of the second twenty-five years the best yet?

A BIBLE READING TESTIMONIAL

Miss Anna B. Love of Oil City, Pa., North Side, Star Route, tells how much the Bible questions as published in the Magazine have meant in her presbyterial. She is Bible Reading Secretary of Lake Presbyterial. Miss Love herself heartily approves of the questions and says she feels sure there are many others who favor them above all other Bible reading methods.

In Miss Love's own society, she says the monthy "quiz" in the Magazine has held more subscribers for it than would have been otherwise possible. She says also that the "quiz" has added greatly to the interest in the monthly program.

It is heartening to receive words of appreciation. If any others of our readers feel disposed to express themselves we shall be glad to note their comments.

HIDDEN POSSIBILITIES

A writer in a recent paper called attention to life and its possible development if given the chance. He spoke of a way seeds long hidden have of germinating when the proper conditions reach the soil,—such as light, moisture and heat. A patch of ground in old England which had been covered for centuries with buildings was cleared of all debris but not cultivated or improved. Soon a growth appeared and flowers not native to the soil were in evidence. The seeds had doubtless been carried there by the conquering Romans hundreds of years before. They lay dormant until exposed to right conditions for growth.

A man dug a well and at a great depth came to a sand peculiar to the

sea. This, carried to the surface, soon exhibited a marine plant true to type.

May not the miracle of the hidden seeds find a parallel in life as we know it? We marvel at budding genius of whatever type. Usually if the trouble were taken to trace it back, the germ of the artist, musician, mathematician, builder would be discovered in a previous generation, —a special aptitude long hidden.

Genius in the Church does not seem to be so marked as in the world outside. General expressions of interest do not seem to develop in the greatest usefulness, but good is hidden within else no appeal to good could be made. Not even God could make the appeal if within there were not something even dimly akin to respond.

It is one thing to know that good is within, but quite another matter to bring it to light where it will prosper and be of use to mankind.

Two methods are here proposed; the first being to uncover it as when the buildings were removed. The desire to be used seems in some people to be covered with layer after layer of the world and its calls. Only self is ministered to. It is pleasure, goods, ease for *myself!* Then comes along a sort of cyclone of illness, trouble, disappointment or loss of fortune which upsets that which has meant so much. Soon a flower may appear. It may be patience, thoughtfulness, generous thoughts, pity for the out-cast and down trodden and a desire to be of use in helping the needy and to carry out God's plan for the life. The good seed was there but it had no chance to develop when covered with the mortar and stone of materialism, and not until God's sunlight and dew could enter.

Another method is to dig down to the good, an heroic procedure, bring the seed of good to the surface and give it a chance. Some souls must thus be dealt with. They will not yield to right living until they know of their ability in worthy lines. Then do they wonder why anyone is slow to be useful and to be used!

What is our job as missionary women, younger and older, but to help bring to light the good that is hidden away in our own lives and the lives of others. Rubbish may need to be cleared away and sins dug into and removed to come to the good seed. Whosoever will may be a luxuriant life.

"We have missed the best of life if, having powers that might bless the world, we go down to the grave with them still dormant and unexpressed."

Methods

This corner likes to know how your rally succeeded. Xenia Presbyterial held a sectional rally in September, five societies participating. Sixty members were present to enjoy the evening. Mrs. John W. Collins, the secretary of Young Women, says: "We met at 2nd Xenia at 5 p. m. and had a "pot-luck" supper, each girl bringing sandwiches and one dish. We had a lovely supper and a delightful social hour together.

At seven we had our program, devotions by a member of 2nd Xenia and music by girls from 1st Xenia Mission Circle. The report of the Buffalo Convention was given by Miss Leffel the 1st Springfield representative, after which came "Miss Y's Birthday Celebration," the history of twenty-five years of the Y. W. Department. The girls of Clifton society gave this. A feature of the play was a big angel food cake with twenty-five candles to grace it. The pageant was very instructive.

A representative of Cedarville

Church, Mrs. C. C. Kyle, magnified the value of the Magazine. The Magazine song was sung, thus testifying to the love for our editor, Mrs. White.

A round table on programs, problems, etc., was conducted to our profit by Mrs. Ustick of Springfield. It was a fine meeting. Mrs. Collins address is Xenia, O., R. R. 5.

Miss Anna A. Milligan of Philadelphia, has forwarded a communication from the "Anna A. Milligan" society of Greensburg, relating to its proposed celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Young Women's Department. A large silver "25" was to be prominent, old time costumes worn by some of the charter members as they related their stories, old minutes read, past presidents to sit in a "row", etc. There was to be, as it were, a "wheel within a wheel", the *seventeen* years of the society to be celebrated also. Miss Milligan was asked for a message as she was present at the first meeting of this society. Altogether a good time was looked forward to. We hope it was realized.

Not many programs have been received in recent months. The Evening Missionary Society of 1st Denver has sent two copies of the printed program and a typed outline of the program giving details. The program proper is a triple folder. The theme is "Making Christ Known." Missions is the specific subject appearing monthly in one form or another.

A quotation worthy of a place on a missionary program is, "Though our task is not to bring all the world to Christ, our task is unquestionably to bring Christ to all the world."

Miss Gretta Williams, 1202 Lincoln St., Denver, can give you further detail should you desire it.

Freedmen's Missions

MRS. ADA KERR WILSON, Secretary, 1007 Trenton Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

INTERRACIAL CONFERENCE

The second Interracial Conference of Church Women was held at the Forest Inn, Eagles Mere in September. The delegates were composed of both colored and white women, 50-50.

Those from the colored organizations were representative, cultured, colored women. There were lawyers, doctors, a dean of college, leaders in Y. W. C. A. work, a regularly ordained minister and a wife of a bishop.

The presiding officer was Mrs. Richard Westbrook and in her opening address, she stated we were met in Conference to seek His will in solving this racial problem, to get each other's view points through a frank discussion of right relations between man and man. Many church women are not interested in racial justice. Unity and civilization are at stake as a nation. One delegate went so far as to say that it is much easier to get club women to work on interracial committees than to get the white church women.

"The Present Status of the Negro in the Cultural Life of America" was fully discussed. "His Achievements, and Contributions in Art, Music, Literature, Science, Business, Education, and Religion" were discussed by Dr. Geo. Haynes and others. One of the most striking achievements was in fine arts. One discouragement has been that when colored people of unusual ability present something in the way of art it is difficult to get it on display. At a recent contest where prizes were offered, Dr. Haynes said

he was surprised at the wealth of cultural development—not alone in quality of exhibits but in quantity. There were 88 contestants—some of the work was crude and some pronounced by the leading artists in New York as highly commendable. The highest award was to Sargent Johnson's "Head of a Negro Boy", in Clay. The literature of the last ten years has not been so outstanding and not much worth while literature has developed. The Negroes seem to be expressing themselves more and more in Negro novels of Negro life.

In Music there is a serious stage, two or three worth while musicians are coming along.

The handicaps to his highest moral and spiritual development are prejudice, lack of mutual understanding and being treated often as hardly a human being. Segregation in sections of cities which are most undesirable for his home, lack of opportunity to travel comfortably make him conscious of race and tend toward an "inferiority complex". All these are not conducive to the best and highest development, either physical or spiritual.

The Sabbath Schools and Young People should have interracial lessons; they should be taught in addition to their relation to God, their relation to their fellow man. This is not only our problem—it is our *opportunity.*

Representatives of other races should be invited to speak before our men's and women's classes.

It has been discovered that white Christian women are far more willing to work *for,* rather than *with* Negroes. Interracial committees should be formed, and use their influence to get justice and fair play.

To interest white women, we must start by interviewing them; get them on interracial committees, on boards of Y. W. C. A. and have them work on state lines as well as those of the church.

The relation of colored and white teachers and students does make for better understanding and better relations. The white women who attended the Conference were those interested in the Race problem and they listened attentively as the colored delegates gave their experiences of some of the injustices heaped upon them. We know the race as a race loves music and as we heard that in some of our cities they were not allowed admission to the high class concerts, we were made to sympathize with them in this discrimination. If we knew each other better through personal contact, many of these injustices might be overcome, was one of the conclusions of the Conference.

The Conference was of high type and presented matters for serious and conscientious thinking.

The Commission on Interracial Cooperation is offering to high school students three cash prizes aggregating $100 for the best papers on "America's Tenth Man" submitted on or before March 1st, 1929. The purpose of these prizes is to encourage the study of the Negro's part in American history, which, according to the Commission, is much more creditable than is generally supposed. It is believed that such a study will be helpful to the children of both races, promoting more tolerance and sympathy on the one side, and developing wholesome race pride on the other. The Commission earnestly asks the cooperation of high school principals and teachers. Full particulars, together with a sixteen-page pamphlet of suggestive source material, will be sent without charge to anyone interested. Address R. B. Eleazer, Educational Director, 409 Palmer Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Foreign Missions

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Cables have been received reporting the safe arrival of Miss Isabel Blair for Abyssinia and Miss Lida Boyd for G. B. S. Khartum North at Port Sudan on September 2nd; another reporting the safe arrival of Miss Minnie Beatty in India on September 15th; another the safe arrival at Port Said of the party which sailed on the CITY OF HARVARD September 6th. They made the trip to Port Said in twenty days; also another reporting the safe arrival at Port Said of Miss Jane McKnight and Miss Marguerite Wilson. We want to praise the Lord and thank Him for all the wonderful journeys that all of our missionaries have made for more than seventy years to and from the fields in time of storm and war, that they were cared for and not one of them was harmed.

INDIA

An interesting letter from Miss Fannie C. Martin of India, written during her vacation in Delhousie, tells an interesting story of a new girls' school at Dariwal. There are quite extensive woolen mills in that place and the manager of the mills is very much interested in the education of girls and has said to our missionaries "He will be satisfied with nothing less for the girls than the same education that is provided for the boys." To go on with Miss Martin's story, "It is just a little more than a year since he became interested in the school in Dhariwal, and I have had to move fast to keep up with his suggestions and use his gifts. He insists that we keep in mind having a high school, but of course that will be sometime in the future. The government is making wonderful strides in the way of opening up high schools for girls in all large towns and cities. The mills have given us a very good and suitable property for a school and are now building teachers' quarters which will cost between six and seven thousand rupees, but if the mission were building them they would cost much more. The large majority of people in Dhariwal are employees of the mills and we think it very nice that the company wants to provide its children with a Christian education. The manager insisted that we should get the best qualified head-mistress possible. Of course we would not let an opportunity like that go by, so we set out to find her and did, and when we called with her at his office he was so taken with her that he said 'you are just the girl for the place.' Later in the day he called to see me and said 'I did not suppose there was an Indian girl like her in the Punjab. You do not need to put her salary in the general budget, I will see that it is paid every month.' The woolen mills are therefore supporting this school and giving it to us to manage and use as an evangelistic agency."

I am sure you will enjoy reading this interesting story. It shows two things: first, the India Mission and its missionaries have a good reputation, otherwise these business men who are managing the mills would not have turned over that property and all the rest costing so much money to our missionaries to be responsible for; the second is that we have missionaries on the field who are able to take charge of a school like that and keep the donors interested in the work. Let us all pray that it may be a real evangelistic agency and that many, many souls may be brought into the Kingdom because of the instruction they have received there.

I now quote from a letter from Dr. Jessie P. Simpson of Jhelum, which is interesting, but tells another kind

of a story. "It has been seven years since Jhelum river flooded over far enough to reach our hospital, but on September first it did it again. It had been raining all day and all night and the next day until about one p. m. the carpenter working at the hospital came over to tell us that the water was coming into the hospital. He urged us to come and see. I went immediately over and found the water covering the ground at the far side and steadily advancing and gave orders for all the nurses' beds to be carried upstairs and to the veranda across the street and the patients beds placed in safety, and advised all the patients from Jhelum to go to their own homes if possible. There were forty in-patients and over seventeen nurses. The women and assistants could be accommodated at one house. By three p. m. all the mattresses, pillows, etc. from the downstairs wards had been carried upstairs and the water filling the hospital compound came up to the waist. Miss Hartig had been directing the removal and not only hospital servants but the second master of the Mission boys' high school and a Tonga traveler who takes our workers to Calla Dispensary twice a week were carrying rolls of bedding on their heads through the surging water. The floods of water could be seen and a great log that was driven in from the alley through the hospital gate now lies high and dry for firewood next winter unless someone claims it. The hospital gates were closed at three p. m. but the water went on rising until it stood two feet over all the upstairs wards. Soon the crash of falling buildings was heard; four small dried mud brick buildings between our hospital and the street fell. The roof of the family wards, given to the hospital two years ago by Rajah Gulary Mahay-ud-din and the foundation of our two other family wards were also undermined so that they will be unsafe and must be rebuilt. Fortunately our grant of $5000.00 from the government will take care of that. The main hospital buildings are not injured except the doors and windows will not open or shut on account of the settling of the foundations. A wall between the hospital and a neighbor fell down and has already been rebuilt.

"Miss Hartig has been having high fever, for which she had been taking quinine, thinking it was malaria, but Sabbath moring it was decided to send her to Taxila on Monday to be taken care of in case it was decided that she has typhoid. One of our Indian nurses went with her.

"The mud deposited on our hospital floors is slimy and sticky stuff to remove and many of the rooms are still so wet they cannot be used."

We are accustomed to reading accounts of floods and storms in Florida and other parts of the United States, but this letter shows they have floods to contend with in our Mission work in India.

Of course we immediately replied to this letter that we were sure Dr. Simpson and her colleagues would see to it that everything was put in proper repair and good sanitary condition. We are glad they have some money on hand, but if they have not enough of course the Lord will enable the Board to make up whatever is lacking.

EGYPT

You will be interested in learning that the plans for the new building of the school and Community house in Beni Suef have been received and approved by the Board. They had first been approved by the Board of Education in Egypt and by the Mission and forwarded to us for approval. We are anxiously awaiting a report on the estimated cost of this new building. You will remember of course that the property is bought and the building erected from New World money and according to the grant given to Egypt in the survey.

We are delighted to report that

Miss Martha Glass is to sail on October 11th (this being written October 5th). She is very happy in the prospect of going back to Egypt in good physical condition and the Egyptian Mission is eagerly and anxiously awaiting her return. We are hoping that Miss Helen Martin will be able to sail in the near future.

SUDAN

A letter from Miss Madaline Wilson of the Sudan expresses their pleasure upon the expected arrival of Miss Boyd, a short term worker, and another new missionary, Miss Marguerite Wilson. The school gives promise of opening with a very large enrollment. Miss Grove, as you know, is at home on a well deserved furlough, leaving Miss Madeline Wilson in charge.

ABYSSINIA

Miss Elizabeth McKibben of Abyssinia was ordered home on account of health, very much to the regret of the Mission and herself and also the Women's Board. She has done splendid work, was deeply interested in the native people and beloved of them. She very reluctantly agreed to the action of the Mission to go to America and is expected to arrive in New York, October 7th.

You have heard before of the shortness of workers at the George Memorial Hospital in Addis Ababa. A short term nurse who went up with Dr. Finley went back to Egypt in July and all that time to the present writing Miss Beatty and Mrs. Pollock have had to do all the nursing in the hospital, not only the nursing but getting the supplies, feeding the patients, looking after the diatetic work, the servants, etc. The Lord is gracious that He has given them both health so far, but we are anxiously praying that He will send a nurse in the near future. The Abyssinian Mission asked for the appointment of a teacher to go to take charge of the girls' school that was opened by Miss Davidson, at the request of the Ras. We are now hopefully conducting correspondence with a nurse and a splendidly experienced normal teacher, planning, if the Lord will, to send them out in November. We had a cable from Dr. Pollock, beseeching us for workers and cabled reply that we hoped to send them in November.

DEPUTATIONAL WORK

Almost all of our missionaries who are home on furlough from foreign lands are out on deputational work with Dr. Taylor. He has prepared a wonderful program and itinerary. The Boards, as you know, cooperate. We gladly consent to as many of our missionaries as Dr. Taylor asks for to accompany the missionaries from the Foreign Board to help all they can in creating intelligent interest in the work of the Church in foreign lands, dividing the expenses pro rata.

This is the season of the year when Thank-Offerings abound and numberless requests are coming to this office for missionary speakers. On account of the deputational work we are unable to supply the demand, very much to our regret.

A WORTHY WOMAN

Mrs. Sadie R. Lawrence, mother of Mrs. Ayers and sister-in-law of Miss Mary Lawrence of India, died recently. She had shown her interest in the work of the W. G. M. S. by taking out an Annuity Bond some years ago. As an added evidence of her continued interest she remembered the foreign department of the W. G. M. S. in her will. The money was very promptly paid and will be used as the donor desired, thus proving the truth of the Scripture "and their works do follow them." She will be much missed in the congregation to which she belonged and by a large circle of loving relatives.

PRAY

Pray for a rich blessing on the deputational work of all the Boards of the Church, so that a rich harvest of souls may result; pray that the health and strength of those engaged in deputational work may be pre-

served, that they may return to their homes rejoicing in the blessing with which the Holy Spirit had accompanied their efforts; pray that the Thank-Offering of 1928 may be worthy of the Master in whose name it is given, and that the Board may have divine wisdom as it attempts to grant estimates, pay salaries and support institutions in this and other lands; pray for the restoration of health of Miss Helen Martin and Miss Elizabeth McKibben; pray that the money necessary for the erection of a new hospital building on the new site at Sialkot may be forthcoming, and the committee be given divine wisdom in preparing the plans; pray for an increased membership in missionary societies of all classes; let us not be satisfied until every woman whose name is in the congregational roll is also enrolled in membership of some one of the missionary organizations; *pray that the Lord will put it into the hearts of His people in the coming election to vote for a man to occupy the presidential chair who shall recognize God as the ruler of nations and shall therefore perform the duties of his high office with an eye single to the honor and glory of our Heavenly Father.*

Junior Department.

MRS. W. R. McMUNN, Secretary, 302 Hastings Ave., Oakdale, Pa.

Saturday, September 29, was a very happy day at the Brookline Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., for the juniors of Allegheny and Monongahela Presbyterials, almost five hundred in number, were gathered at their Thirty-sixth Annual Rally. An excellent program was carried out, in which the juniors had a prominent part. Mrs. Digby, the President, presided most acceptably. After the opening devotional service the address of welcome was given by Jean Hutchison, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Hutchison, of Brookline. The response was given by Mildred Johnston of the 6th N. S. church. Both of these little girls were excellent speakers. All the delegations present responded in turn to the roll call, with scripture verses. Mrs. Edward Stotz, Junior Secretary of Monongahela Presbyterial, introduced the Junior Life Members of the 1927 Thank-Offering and presented each one with a pink ribbon Life Member badge. Mrs. J. R. Metz, one of the delegates from Allegheny Presbyterial to the Buffalo Convention, gave a review of the junior work of the previous year and spoke especially about "Winning the Cup." She showed the cup won at Buffalo by the Allegheny juniors and urged all the societies, especially those in Monongahela, to work to win the cup next year.

Ample space was provided in the splendid dining room of the Brookline church for all to enjoy their lunches. The ladies of the church provided coffee for the older people and cocoa for the children. The latter showed their appreciation of Brookline's hospitality by exhausting the generous supply of 22 gallons provided by the hostesses.

In the afternoon after the opening exercises of praise and prayer, all arose and repeated from memory the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. The memory chapter for next year will be the 91st Psalm using the revised version. An excellent address was given by Mrs. W. D. Mercer of India on the subject "People and Things Are Made to be Used." She told all about the journey of a Junior Exhibit box from the W. G. M. S. Convention in America to India—mentioning the

strange places it went and the queer sounds it heard, until finally it heard some children away out in India exclaim in English with great delight "Hurrah, the Junior Exhibit boxes are here!" She then told the story of a doll, a rubber ball and a cake of soap which the juniors of America had sent to India. The doll and the rubber ball accomplished a great deal of good because they were used. But the soap was carefully laid away by the woman to whom it was given and her little sick baby died from lack of cleanliness and care. The juniors were much interested in hearing this address and were happy to hear what became of their Exhibit gifts. The juniors of McDonald, under the efficient management of Miss Josephine Cenis, presented a very attractive Japanese pageant entitled, "Crinkum, Crankums." This was followed by an object lesson given by Rev. J. J. McIlvaine who showed a ruler and talked about standards of measure for juniors. In a very delightful way he held the attention of all present concluding his talk with the presentation of the banners. The awards were as follows: Highest average attendance for the year—won by Avalon 88½% in Allegheny and by Woodville 94⅓% in Monongahela. Highest average of new members in Allegheny won by Springdale with 31% and in Monongahela won by Homewood with 39%. The banner for highest average of enrolled members at the Rally was won by Brookline which had 90⅔% present. Special music was furnished by Betty Watson of Brookline who sang two solos and by Betty Messer of the Mt. Washington junior society. All the juniors and junior workers went home feeling that they had had a most happy day. The enthusiasm and interest aroused by such a gathering is a most helpful start on the work of the coming winter. The leaders who began these rallies so many years ago and those who have so faithfully "carried on" during the years, have planned wisely and well. Truly, they have their reward.

In addition to the regular Junior Outline for Bible Memory Work the junior society of Petrolia, Pa., are at work memorizing as much as possible of the passages of scripture that follow. Mrs. W. W. Woodburn is their junior superintendent.

OLD TESTAMENT

Books of Old Testament.

Exodus 20:1-17—The Commandments.

Psalm 1—The Righteous and the Wicked. Psalm 8—God's Glory and Man's Dignity. Psalm 19—The Works and the Word of God. Psalm 23—"The Lord is my Shepherd." Psalm 27—Fearless Trust in God. Psalm 91—The Lord a Refuge. Psalm 103—Praise for the Lord's Mercies. Psalm 121—God the Keeper of His People.

Isaiah 53—Prophecy of the Messiah's Sufferings and Death.

Micah 6:8—True Religion.

NEW TESTAMENT

Books of New Testament.

Matthew 5:1-16; 5:43-48; 6:1-34; 7:1-12—Sermon on the Mount. Matthew 10:2-4—The Twelve Apostles. Matthew 10:32 Confessing Christ. Matthew 22:35-40—The Summary of the Law. Matthew 25:1-13—Parables of the Ten Virgins. Matthew 25:14-30—Parables of the Talents. Matthew 25:31-46—Parables of the Sheep and Goats. Matthew 28:18-20—The Great Commission.

Mark 10:13-16—Jesus Blesses Little Children.

Luke 9:23—The Duty of Christ's Followers. Luke 15:3-7—Parables of the Lost Sheep. Luke 15:8-10—Parables of the Lost Silver. Luke 15:11-32—Parables of the Lost Son.

John 1:1-14—Christ the Word of God. John 3:16—God's Love. John 4:1-26—True Worship. John 10:1-18—The Good Shepherd. John 14:1-15—Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled. John 15:1-16—I Am the True Vine. John 17:1-26—Our Lord's Prayer.

Romans 8:35-39—No Separation from Christ.

1 Corinthians 13—Christian Love.

James 1:12—The Victor's Reward.

Revelations 21:22-27; 22:1-5—Heaven.

Home Missions

MRS. WM. S. COOK, Secretary, 1201 6th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

FRENCHBURG, KY.

School opened August 20 with an enrollment of 170. Of this number 60 are in High School. Thirty are Freshmen, the largest class in the history of the nineteen years of our school. By opening school two weeks earlier than usual, the first semester will close at holiday vacation.

Some changes had occurred on the campus during the summer vacation. Heavy and long continued rains caused a flood which washed away most of the new fence around the campus, and carried the foot bridge away. A fine bridge with stone piers, the stone taken from our own quarry, is being erected by the school. This bridge, we trust, will resist future floods.

The work in the Hospital has not justified retaining a full time nurse. Miss Myra Lawton who has been on our faculty for the past two years, and who has done faithful service in the community and county, has returned to her home. When an emergency arises a nurse will be imported.

There are three new teachers on the faculty: Mr. Frank Wylie of Wapello, Iowa is athletic coach and dean of the boys in the dormitory and has charge of vocational work. Miss Ruth McIlrath of Grinnell, Iowa, teacher of the 5th and 6th grades and Miss Sara Conrad of Grove City, Pa., 8th grade and High School.

There has been an extra demand for second hand clothing this fall. The store is almost depleted. Not enough to last one month, and the demands will increase as the weather grows colder. Please remember this department in both the school at Frenchburg and also at Ezel.

As Christmas draws near remember these schools. Each dormitory student receives a gift, and boxes are packed for the most needy families in the county. This is the only Christmas many families have.

Send, when possible, by parcel post direct to the schools, to avoid drayage. Post Office address—Rev. H. Ray Shear, Frenchburg, Ky. Post Office address—Rev. Howard M. Brittain, Ezel, Ky. Shipping address for freight or express to either of the schools is Rothwell, Ky.

Subscribe for *The Frenchburg Reporter,* (50 cents per year) and receive the latest news each month.

EZEL, KY.

School opened for its fifth year September the third with an enrollment of 103, since grown to 115.

Mrs. J. C. Alter, who was the first missionary to Ezel, was present for the opening chapel service. The County Superintendent, Mr. Bernard Whitt, of West Liberty, Ky., and our own Rev. H. Ray Shear of Frenchburg, Ky., were also present for this opening service and all gave good talks, including sound advice.

Mrs. Howard Brittain, who was the delegate from First Ohio Presbyterial to The W. G. M. S. Convention in Buffalo, will give her report to the Presbyterial meeting in College Corner, Ohio this month.

The faculty this year consists of Miss Lucile Artman of Pulaski, Pa.; Miss Maude Chesterman, Owanico, Ill.; Miss Edna Mae Eastwood, Summerfield, Kansas; Miss Ruah Hanna, Clay Center, Kansas; Miss Rebecca Johnston, Webster Mills, Pa. and Miss Harriet Kyle, Cedarville, Ohio. In addition to the school work, all are active in all lines of church work, as teachers in Sabbath School, and supervisors of the different missionary organizations.

The women in the community help in making the tufted bed-spreads, weaving linen and rag rugs. Money from the sale of the above has added material for cement walks to both the church and the school. The labor part being done by the men of the community.

Help these women by ordering the above named articles.

Indian Department.

MRS. J. FRENCH KERR, Secretary, 115 E. Fairview Ave., Connellsville, Pa.

THINGS THAT HAPPENED AT OUR INDIAN MISSIONS DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS

SIMNASHO

First Sabbath in June 48 Indians were present for Sabbath School and Church, second Sabbath 33, third Sabbath 58 and fourth Sabbath 11. Toward the middle of the month the Indians went to the Hood river to get work picking strawberries. After strawberries were done they came back as far as the Dalles to pick cherries. Rev. Matthews says, "It is a good thing they are able to get the seasonal work for they so much need the bit of money they are able to earn in this way."

Third Sabbath in June forty friends from Maupin, Wapinitia and Pinegrove visited Simnasho to worship with the Indians. They furnished a splendid program of special music and welcomed our Missionaries back to the field and work. The Indians have been trying so hard to show Rev. and Mrs. Matthews how glad they are that they are back with them, by giving them some little presents. One morning one of the Indians took a chicken in a sack to them. He thought they would like a chicken, in spite of the fact that they raised their own.

July—The Indians are getting ready for their Fourth of July round-up, to them a very important event.

July 1, 9 present at Sabbath School and Church; second Sabbath no service, all Indians celebrating; third Sabbath 31 present; fourth Sabbath Rev. and Mrs. Matthews were at the Sixth Annual Summer Training Conference of the Synod of the Columbia, Corvallis, Oregon, on the beautiful campus of Oregon State College, Mr. Matthews being on the program. On their return trip they spent a night with friends at Gresham; they saw many of their Indians there that evening. They insisted that Rev. and Mrs. Matthews get a job picking berries and stay for a while, saying there would be nobody home, but there were 21 present on the fifth Sabbath. There were two funerals during the month: Mrs. Charlie Pistol Head and Waheneka. During the Fourth of July Round-up Waheneka was thrown from his horse, sustaining a severe gash on his forehead. They called Rev. Matthews, who insisted that he take him to Maupin to a Doctor, a distance of 26 miles. The government doctor was in the East; Waheneka refused to go. Rev. Matthews dressed the wound, took care of him day by day, but the poor old Indian died, possibly due to shock.

August—On the first Sabbath of August the annual huckleberry feast was held, no one present at church that day, but the remaining three Sabbath days there were 40, 19 and 15 out for service.

The Kohler lighting system is being installed, electricity to our Missionaries will be a delight, having had nothing but kerosene lamps throughout past years. This winter they are going to have the Indians study the Bible systematically, with the aid of Bible pictures, which is made possible with electricity.

WARM SPRING

Doctor R. H. Barr says, "During June, July and August with many Indians away the church attendance was large if not larger than usual." On Huckleberry Feast Day during August no service was held. They have experienced the hottest weather in their seven or more years of service. The thermometer registering from 95 to 113 degrees, but always a breeze and they did not suffer much. One of our faithful old Indians, Mrs.

Lucy Smith died. Four years ago she suffered a stroke of paralysis. Her faith in Christ never wavered.

TAMA

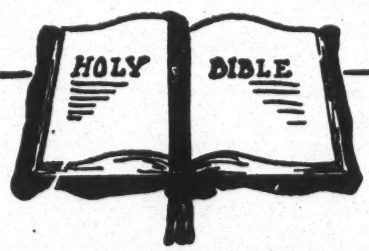
The services were well attended both at the Sanitarium and the Mission. Five years ago one of our Indian boys from Tama, Wilson Wanatee, was taken from the Reservation to the Sanitorium as a tuberculosis suspect. He had been a patient at the Sanitorium for three years when he accepted Christ as his Saviour and was baptized by Rev. Smith. He was so happy and beloved by nurses and matrons for his beautiful Christian character and patience.

George Youngbear, one of our earnest Christian men has been in poor health, our missionaries are asking for the prayers of our people that he may be restored.

Some of our readers will remember Quetache, the dear old Indian who raised in all thirteen boys and girls, nursed several through long sickness and death, who professed her faith in Jesus, was baptized and so happy. The Indians coming in tried to turn her to Indian belief but could not. Quetache was called from her home to eternal rest.

The young people who were home from Non-Reservation schools attended the services better than they ever had.

A group of people from Blairstown, Iowa brought a picnic dinner, also the High School teachers from Waterloo, Iowa, about sixty in all; they distributed sandwiches, doughnuts, bananas, oranges and some money among the old and sick. The attitude of the Indians toward these visitors was sweet and courteous. It was said by a Christian Indian boy, "I am thankful for the schools which were built for Indians. I am thankful that Jesus came to earth to save us Indians. I think if it were not for Jesus, schools would not have been built and all of us Indians would be like lost sheep. Through His love we are having an education."

Bible  Readings

121. Isa. 52:14.
122. Mk. 15:39.
123. Jno. 13:8.
124. Jno. 6:35.
125. Luke. 24:39-43,50,51.
126. Rev. 3:21.
127. Gen. 2:3.
128. Isa. 58:13,14.
129. Jno. 12:23,24.
130. Mk. 16:15.
131. Who was Moses' father-in-law?
132. In what chapter of Jeremiah is there a record of an **effective** temperance society?
133. In what sin were Miriam and Aaron co-partners?
134. What was Miriam's punishment?
135. When was the gathering of sticks on the Sabbath punished by death?
136. What three men with their families and goods were destroyed for rebellion against God and how?
137. What sin kept Moses and Aaron from entering the promised land?
138. Whose bedstead was nine cubits long and four wide?
139. What girls who were brotherless received the inheritance at the father's death and by whose orders?
140. To which tribe did faithful Joshua belong? With which tribe did faithful Cabel get his inheritance?

Literature Department

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary,
904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WOMEN'S AND YOUNG WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

TEXTBOOKS:

"Friends of Africa"
Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.
"What Next in Home Missions"
Cloth, $1.00; paper, 60 cents.

HELPS:

"How to Use" Friends of Africa, 15 cents.
"Suggestions to Leaders" of What Next in Home Missions, 15 cents.
"Prayer Cycle", 10 cents each; $1.00 per dozen.

MAPS:

Wall Map of Africa in two colors, showing locations of Protestant missions, Price, 60 cents.

Large Outline Map of Africa. For Wall Use. Price, 25 cents.

Small Outline Maps of Africa. For individual use. 25 cents per dozen.

JUNIORS AND BEGINNERS

Textbooks:

"Camp Fires on the Congo" (Junior) Paper, 50 cents.
"Under the North Star" (Junior) Cloth only, 75 cents.
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"Windows into Alaska" (Beginners) Cloth only, 75 cents.
"Indian Playmates in Navajo Land" (Primary) Cloth only, 75 cents.

Helps:

"Suggestions for Leaders" of Camp Fires. 15 cents.
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African Picture Sheet, 25 cents.
Picture Map of Africa. 50 cents.
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LITERATURE DEPARTMENT

1928-1929

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Leaflets

and

Pageants

Maps

NOVEMBER PROGRAM

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That Mission Study Class, October Magazine, p.365.

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Miss Mary J. Campbell, 15 Rajpur Rd., Delhi, India

INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924 .....Gujranwala
Miss Helen Artman, 1920 .....Pasrur
Miss Agnes Ballantyne, 1925 .....Sialkot City
Miss Kathryn Beattie, 1920 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Minnie Beatty, 1912 .....
Miss Roma Beatty, 1909 Badomali, Sialkot District
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908 .....Gujranwala
Miss Rebecca Jean Black, 1921 .....
Miss Lois Boyd, 1918 .....Sialkot City
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1928 .....
Miss Lois M. Buchanan, 1910 .....Sialkot City
Miss Evelyn Cathcart, 1925 .....Pathankot
Miss Marie E. Cash, 1926 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Henrietta Cowden, 1905 .....Sialkot
Miss Laurella G. Dickson, 1897 .....Pathankot
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1913 .....
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913 .....
Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922 .....Pathankot
Miss Nancy Hadley, 1904 .....Zafarwal
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R. N., 1924 .....Jhelum
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 .....Sargodha
Miss Zarra S. Hoon, 1921 .....
Miss Flora E. Hormel, R. N., 1925 .....Sheikhupura
Miss Janette Howland, 1921 .....
Miss Florence Jones, R. N., 1920 .....Sialkot City
Miss Olive Laing, 1912 .....
Miss Sara Jane Lamont, 1928 .....
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Miss Elsie French, 1909 .....Zagazig
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Miss Anna Y. Thompson, 1871 .....Cairo
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 .....Assiut
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Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919 .....Luxor
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Miss Esther Minta Ganter, 1928 ....Khartum North
Miss Ray Huffman, R. N., 1924 .....Nasser
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Miss Marguerite Wilson, 1928 .....Khartum North

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A Little Time Apart

THE CHRISTIAN'S PEACE

No sweeter word than "Peace" is found in the language of earth. We speak of joy or happiness, but peace goes deeper than either of these. Peace in families, in neighborhoods, among nations, forms the ideal of human life. But more important than these is the peace which should pervade every Christian life.

It is wonderful how often Peace is mentioned in the Bible. It is the peace of God, not founded upon earthly relations or conditions. In comparative dimness of the Old Testament, Isaiah spoke of it as founded upon trust in God. When our Lord was entering into the darkness of His last agonies, almost His parting word to His disciples was, "Peace I leave with you." It was not freedom from suffering. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." This peace was to fill their hearts even amid toil and hardship and persecution.

Do we as Christians enter into this peace, the Master's legacy to us? In some small measure perhaps all of us do, but not as He would have us. Our peace should be as a river; too often it is as a tiny stream trickling through our lives.

What are the things which disturb the Christian's peace? Perhaps with some it is the memory of sins and failures and mistakes in the past and we permit ourselves to dwell upon them until the painful memory overshadows our lives. But not so would our Father have us regard the shortcomings of other days. No doubt the great apostle could not banish altogether from his thoughts the pain and anguish, the tears and agony of which he had been the cause in the days before he met the Lord. But what does he say? "Forgetting the things which are behind, I press toward the mark". The sins are forgiven as we believe, by the grace of God, and even the faults and mistakes can be over-ruled by the same grace.

Perhaps the worries and anxieties and cares of every day life for ourselves and others press hard upon us. But these are met by that wondrous passage "Be careful for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God, and the power of God which passeth understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." "In everything"! Thank God there is nothing too small for His care. The most loving mother never counted the hairs of her child but our Father numbers even the hairs of our heads.

Our dearest friends are apt to grow tired if we draw upon their sympathy too often as the result of our troubles, but there is One to whom nothing that concerns us is indifferent and Who has the power not only to sympathize but to help.

Dear friends, let us not dishonor the Lord we love, by permitting our peace to be easily ruffled. If we are disturbed by the perplexities of life, have not those around us who do not know the Lord we claim to trust a right to say "What do ye more than others?"

The source of this peace—the peace of Christ—is not in natural temperament; it comes as the Master's gift to us, as to His disciples of old, if we claim it by faith and prayer.

"I don't look back; God knows the fruitless efforts,
The wasted hours, the sinning, the regrets;
I leave them all with Him who blots the record,
And mercifully forgives, and then forgets.

I don't look forward; God sees all the future,
The road that, short or long, will lead me home,
And He will face with me its every trial,
And bear for me the burdens that may come.

But I look up—into the face of Jesus,
For there my heart can rest, my fears are stilled;
And there is joy, and love, and light for darkness,
And perfect peace, and every hope fulfilled."—Annie Johnson Flint.

—Jennie Logue Campbell, Monmouth, Ill.

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